Lekachman: The Case for Controls • Osborne: White House Low-Jinks

...e Grene on Men and Machines • Paul Fussell on Wouk's War

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

T44017RITZZZFH TNR 0978
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 14, 1978

Price One Dollar

A Smoker's Lament • The Novelists (I): Amos Oz

The 95th Congress on the Eve of Adjournment

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Business and the rational mind VI

The corporation and human values•Science vs. the liberal arts•Continuing to grow

Some of the most fundamental problems of business today are those having to do with human relations and human values, and this seems likely to continue for years to come.

We have crossed the threshold of an era of scientific and technological development that has already altered the world we live in more sharply than at any time in history, and is continuing to alter it. It seems to us imperative that mankind's burgeoning knowledge be based on sound moral and ethical values.

We must continue to raise the standard of living in a world whose population is growing prodigiously even after some slowdown in recent years and, through this improved living standard, preserve and enlarge the freedom of the individual.

Whether or not mankind achieves the potential made possible by advanced technology, and to what degree, will depend in large part on the availability of sufficient economic freedom to provide scope for human resourcefulness; a broadly educated populace; and the confidence and the will to keep pushing ahead.

Mobil is deeply involved in all of these spheres. Perhaps our first and most basic requirement is for people—for an adequate and continuing reservoir of the essential skills without which a company in our business cannot succeed.

What sort of people make up our company, and what do we try to do with them and for them?

Their skills range from accounting through secretarial to zoology. In our recruiting, once we establish the technical or scientific qualifications of an engineer or a chemist, for instance, we look for about the same qualities in both the scientifically trained and the liberal arts students. We have learned that a business hires the whole person, and that in the long term motivation and character traits are more important than specific skills and knowledge.

Our business is so complex, even in its nontechnical aspects, that no one person can master all of it; so, to do one's job, one has to be able to work effectively with others. In a person's supervisory work, one of his or her prime functions must be the development and perceptive coaching of subordinates, since today they must accomplish most of the work and tomorrow one of them may have to replace him or her. Thus individuals with broad experience, the ability to think clearly and productively, and a determination to improve the status quo can make substantial contributions to the corporate effort.

The job of management is in the most fundamental sense the job of encouraging and helping people to develop themselves—keeping in mind that it is always some *one* person who is being trained, and that each person will differ from his or her peers in respect to specific needs and capabilities. Management must provide the sort of employment and work experience that will utilize the individual's abilities more effectively than those abilities could otherwise be used.

We have learned by experience that when we are looking for a man or woman with executive ability to promote—and our need for managers who can move up is endless—an individual's ability to deal with abstract problems involving judgment and the ability to reason is often more significant at that juncture than any technical knowledge.

We are in a technology-intensive industry and therefore will continue to need highly trained and skilled scientists and technicians. But science is concerned largely with the measurable, and when you have summed up all the factors of an individual that can be measured, you still have not described nor understood that person. What is critically important in the long term is the broader dimensions of knowledge and insight that enable people to deal successfully with a variety of social and economic problems.

We know that in our own case we require young people of moral stamina who can think and who can identify priorities. Given such individuals, along with the good sense of the American public once it has the facts, we believe that freedom can survive in our country and that a resourceful, well-managed business can prosper, benefiting from and contributing to the growth and development of the people who constitute it.

©1978 Mobil Corporation

Mobil®

Box A, Mobil Oil Corporation, 150 East 42 Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
October 14, 1978

Why Mobil Isn't Loved

The Mobil Oil Company, in a full page advertisement the other day, asks me why I am so suspicious of large corporations like Mobil. The tone is plaintive with an air of innocent wonderment and, really, somebody ought to help out. All right, Mobil, I'll tell you. In my case it all began with a romance, a conglomerate romance.

Everybody will agree that the most fashionable business marriage of 1976 was between Mobil (net worth around $8.5 billion; annual sales about $35 billion) and Montgomery Ward, 427 retail outlets. (It was the second marriage for Ms. Ward, since she had previously shacked up with Container Corporation of America—paper bags, fiber drums and things like that—and assumed the wedded name on Wall Street of "Marcor": combined assets $1.6 billion.)

Now a billion, even today, is still quite a wad. When the parson looked down the aisle at the Mobil wedding and asked objectors to speak up now or forever hold their peace, the Federal Trade Commission wanted to yell "Stop," but didn't. As Michael Pertschuk, FTC chairman, awkwardly told Ted Kennedy's Senate antitrust subcommittee last summer, "the typical conglomerate merger . . . may remain virtually untouchable."

The fact is that one of the greatest merger waves in history is going on right now and the American economy is never going to be quite the same again because of it. This isn't the verdict of somebody unfriendly to business, as the Mobil advertisement unhappily implies ("We cannot for the life of us understand why so many liberals in this country are so hostile to private business . . ."); it is from *Business Week*, November 14, 1977, calling the merger movement "feverish," and "frenzied." Here's how chairman Kennedy figured it: the total value of conglomerate mergers and acquisitions was under one and a half billion dollars in 1972; now it's over 5 billion. (Chairman Pertschuk said the merger rate in the first half of 1978 jumped 46 percent over the same period last year. "For the first time in a decade merger activity has increased for four consecutive quarters," he said. The Federal Trade Commission has run out of Clayton Act. It doesn't apply to what is happening now, he said. The great antitrust tumult at the start of the century was about firms buying out competitors, but this is something different. A conglomerate conducts its primary business in one industry but has large holdings in others. "For example," said Pertschuk, "when Mobil and Marcor merged, the antitrust enforcers scrambled unsuccessfully for a theory . . . but there may be no legal method, short of legislation, to prohibit such a merger." He said this at an obscure Congressional hearing, almost devoid of media coverage so far as I could see, but I thought Kennedy's answer was important: "If the existing antitrust laws fail to prevent the social, economic and political consequences of conglomerate mergers, we need new legislation that will."

I wish the boys would lay off running Teddy for president. He's going to be chairman of the powerful Judiciary Committee next year, of which the antitrust subcommittee is a part, and he's going to have the time of his life. What a housecleaning that could be.

At the end of World War II the 200 biggest manufacturing firms had 45 percent of all assets of US industry. Today it's 60 percent. In 1960 some 450 firms controlled about 50 percent of the nation's total manufacturing assets. Today it's 70 percent. If you like figures here's how Samuel Richardson Reid puts it in his book, *The New Industrial Order* (1976): "Less than 1 percent of American manufacturers control 88 percent of the industrial assets and receive over 90 percent of the net profits of industrial firms in the American economy."

The facts are there; anybody can get them; I don't know where it will all end. The oil companies have money running out of their ears; what with higher oil prices, dollar devaluation and the prospect of a dwindling natural resource, says *Business Week* (April 24, 1978), they are looking for acquisitions and mergers. "Last year the 15 largest oil companies earned $10.7 billion after taxes, for a 14 percent average return on invested capital." Mobil and Exxon are publishing institutional advertisements trying to reassure the public: "You don't have to fear us," they say. Mobil, in the fourth of a series of such appeals chides "liberals." Particularly it concludes that "part of the problem" of the liberals' dislike" appears to be snobbery pure and simple."

Come, come, Mobil, this won't do. The advertisement begs the issue. It is not an argument over the capitalistic system; it is an argument over whether big companies like you, which have come to have enormous power, will exercise the power responsibly. The public, through government, is bound to play a part in this. Federal regulation may be clumsy but it is the price of giganticism. Mobil extols "democratic capitalism" and interprets this as a kind of Adam Smith-style free market: a market of innumerable small competitors. It is a dream world of Mom-and-Pop stores. Few people, however, believe in this anymore; as Ken Galbraith observes in an interview published in *Exxon USA*, first quarter, 1978: "When Exxon insists that the corporate world is flat when the public knows it is round, the company lays itself open to the presumption that there is something vaguely illegitimate about a large enterprise. . . ."

The tide of mergers is not abating; there was a big tide too, in the 1960s, but it was mostly of smaller companies. Last year Congress passed the Hart-Scott-Rodino Antitrust Improvements Act, which requires notification of the government 30 days before a merger—like a blood test before marriage. The FTC may someday ban a merger, based on size alone. Not yet. The first month's applications under the law have just been received as I write this; they are over 140; officials say the tide is still rising.

Oil companies are branching out all over. Tenneco owns almond orchards. Sun has Stop-N-Go, a retail grocery chain. Occidental Petroleum makes pesticides. Exxon has copper mining. Shell is in plastics. Standard Oil of California (net worth $7.6 billion) is trying to take over AMAX (mining net worth $1.7 billion). And the Arco Corporation owns the British newspaper, *The Observer*.

On that perplexing note this particular TRB will take a brief vacation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 179, No. 16, Issue 3327, October 14, 1978. Published weekly (except the issues of July 15, August 12, September 2, December 30) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students $17.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 58, Whitinsville, MA 01588. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Copyright 1978 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid under publication number 382020 at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Cover: "Hogs Wallow in Mud to Keep Cool," courtesy of the District of Columbia Public Library.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.

THE MADISON

Washington's Correct Address

15th & M Streets, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577

or see your travel agent

Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	**Why Mobil Isn't Loved**
Comment	5	**Belly Up to the Trough, Boys** **Peacemaking, Syrian-Style** **Human Rights for Spies**
	7	**Correspondence**
John Osborne	10	**White House Watch: Family Affairs**
Morton Kondracke	13	**Tory Time**
Judith Thomson	16	**A Smoker's Lament**
Robert Lekachman	18	**The Case for Controls**
		Arts and Lives
Stanley Kauffmann	24	**Films: Double Death**
Nitza Rosovsky	25	**The Novelists: Amos Oz**
		Books Considered
Marjorie Grene	28	**Man and Technology** **by Edward G. Ballard** **The Illusion of Technique** **by William Barrett**
Calvin Bedient	30	**Marcel Duchamp: Appearance Stripped Bare** **by Octavio Paz**
Paul Fussell	32	**War and Remembrance** **by Herman Wouk**
Peter Stansky	33	**Isherwood by Jonathan Fryer**
Thomas E. Cronin	35	**Make-Believe Presidents** **by Nicholas von Hoffman**
	36	**Brief Reviews:** **Antietam by William A. Frassanito** **The Horse of Pride by Pierre-Jakez Helias** **The Imperialist Revolutionaries** **by Hugh Seton-Watson** **Fairy Tales and After by Roger Sale**
Cambridge Diarist	43	**Awe**

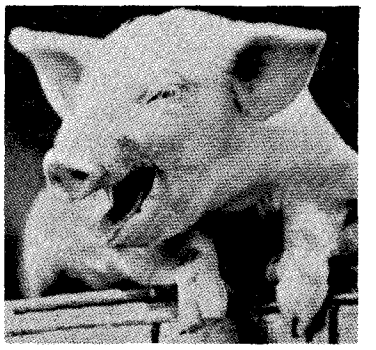
The Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editors—*John Osborne, Eliot Marshall*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Literary Assistant—*Ann Hulbert*
Staff Writer—*David Blum*
Staff Photographer—*Jeff Vinson*
Production Assistant—*Barbara Ledeen*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*Donna J. Melson*
Feature Syndicate Director—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
Director of Advertising—*Doris Rubien, 250 West 57th St, Room 2517, New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-6477*
Advertising Coordinator—*Barbara Truitt*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Intern—*David Japhet*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 14, 1978



Belly Up to the Trough, Boys

"It's inflationary, it's wasteful, and it spends the taxpayers' money in a very inefficient and inappropriate way." With those words, President Carter on October 3 announced he would veto a $10.2 billion public works bill that includes several expensive water projects he doesn't want.

Two days later, the House narrowly failed to override the veto. The vote was 223-190 against the White House, but this fell short of the necessary two-thirds majority. Clearly the sentiment in the House and in the Senate, which almost certainly would have overridden, was strongly against Carter, who lost the votes of most Democrats and in the process placed his energy program in jeopardy.

On this issue the President has shown both consistency and political courage. Moreover, he is conducting himself like the president Americans expected to get when they elected him two years ago: an independent, tough-minded leader determined to dismantle the traditional Washington system of pork barrel and patronage.

Carter, of course, has never been a part of that system, so he regards it with all the suspicion and distrust it deserves. His chronically poor relations with Congress trace directly back to one of his first decisions in the White House: to kill 18 water projects with a projected cost of $5.1 billion. No president had ever dared to interfere so brazenly in this traditional preserve of Congress, which over the years has ground out more pork than any sausage producer you'd care to name. Carter's interference was long overdue and wholly admirable. It was also certain to bring, at best, only a partial victory, while alienating members of his own party accustomed to using public funds as political currency. Last year Congress agreed to drop only 10 of the projects on Carter's "hit list," while loudly proclaiming its independence from this meddlesome chief executive.

Carter later expressed regret at agreeing to this compromise, and since then he has been given even more reason for thinking he was had. The bill Congress produced this year restored funds for six of the eight projects Carter thought Congress had agreed to kill last year. It also provided money for 27 new projects the White House opposes.

Carter's bitter criticisms of the water projects bill raise hackles on Capitol Hill, causing members to break out the high-minded rhetoric that congressmen reserve for their grubbiest and most cynical undertakings. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd, leading the effort to override the veto, fairly seethed at suggestions that his motives were less than pristine. "It's not pork barrel," he told a news conference. "What may be pork barrel to someone not living in a flood or drought area, is not pork barrel to someone . . . who has to shovel black mud . . . or see his home swept away . . . It means protection for lives and homes and property." And, he might have added, for seats in Congress. Byrd's counterpart in the House, James Wright of Texas, tried to cast the debate in lofty philosophical terms. At stake, he told the House in June, is "the constitutional prerogative of Congress . . . . The White House . . . is reaching for powers never granted any administration by Congress." This is the same Jim Wright who for years has fought for construction of the Trinity River canal, an extravagant project to make Dallas-Fort Worth—more than 300 miles inland—a seaport. He has done so in spite of a local referendum that decisively rejected a $400 million bond issue to help finance it.

Byrd and Wright are fond of noting the importance of these projects to human needs—protecting against disaster, providing jobs, promoting agriculture and the like. They neglect to mention that the principal beneficiaries usually are well-to-do landowners who are smart enough to get someone else to pay for shielding them from misfortune. Among the little

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people grateful for the helping hand of the federal government is the Southern Pacific Land Company, whose 110,000 acres in California's Westlands Water District have made it a lot of money, thanks to heavily subsidized federal irrigation water. Wright and Byrd also cite the government's favorable cost-benefit analyses of the projects. These analyses are notoriously unreliable, since they generally use the very low discount and interest rates in effect when the projects were originally approved. They also fail to weigh the costs of the environmental destruction that often accompanies federal water projects.

Congress's anger reflects distress not only about these specific projects, but with the broader implications of Carter's water policy. The President wants to apply common sense to decisions about building new projects. He wants to cut funds for projects that can't be justified by a realistic weighing of costs and benefits. He wants to try using inexpensive "non-structural" methods whenever possible: for example, sometimes it is cheaper for the government to buy entire flood plains instead of building dams to protect them. Carter also wants to require the states to pay a small part of the costs of each undertaking, as a way of dampening their enthusiasm for projects that do not make economic sense. Carter's changes would dramatically reduce the number and expense of new projects; at the same time, they would diminish the tangible contributions of Congress to the nation's material prosperity. Since those contributions are negligible to begin with, Congress has good reason to resent the President's recommendations.

Both parties have found themselves split on the water projects. Carter has gotten some unexpected help from a group of moderate Republicans who apparently have taken to heart their party's catechism on government spending. It is Carter's own party that has tried to disgrace itself. Senior members of the House public works subcommittee have threatened those members supporting the President with heavy retribution, and Wright has warned that the House may wreak its revenge for Carter's veto on the poor vestige of his energy bill that at last had been expected to pass. If the veto is upheld, Wright said, members may reject the energy compromise "to show that they aren't the president's lackeys."

One should not conclude from Congress's eagerness to authorize expensive new water projects that its members are immune to the fever of Proposition 13. Most of them no doubt intend to campaign on a theme of frugality. To minimize their potential embarrassment in this effort, they have responded to concerns about federal spending in a characteristically straightforward manner. Instead of appropriating enough money to cover the full cost of each project it approved (as is customary) this Congress included funds for only the first year, with additional money to be provided each year. This change permits Byrd and Wright to portray the difference between their bill and Carter's position as a matter of a piddling $200 million. In fact, the projects approved by Congress eventually will cost $1.3 billion more than those requested by the president.

The water projects controversy typifies Carter's relations with Congress. On this subject, as on several others—energy, welfare, tax reform, the civil service, to name a few—the White House drafted a thoughtful, comprehensive program, presenting it to Congress with an appeal to statemanship and the needs of the nation as a whole over those of individual districts. None of these proposals could be called startlingly bold. Yet in each case Congress has responded with sniping at the President's presumption and whining about his insensitivity to the political interests of each Democratic member. (In a recent meeting of several Democrats with Carter, Representative Ed Beard of Rhode Island complained repeatedly that the White House's positions on several issues were damaging his chances for re-election. The President finally commented in exasperation that Beard's re-election wasn't his administration's top priority.) Pipe-puffing commentators watching the spectacle generally have blamed Carter for trying to get too much too soon, depicting him as a well-meaning rube who just hasn't learned how to get along with Congress.

But most of blame falls on Congress, which has shirked every opportunity to pursue a statesmanlike course over a petty, self-interested one. Surely one would be hard-pressed to recall a Congress more susceptible to pressure from organized interest groups—or, for that matter, a president more determined to resist them when the transcendent national interest demands it. A man with a keen sense of ethical responsibility, Carter has worked hard and with some vision to carry out most of the pledges that carried him into the White House. Fearful of offending entrenched interests, Congress has masked its timidity with querulous bluster. In his decision to veto the water projects bill, the President offered Robert Byrd, Tip O'Neill, Jim Wright and the members of his party a test of moral leadership. They failed it.

Coming

Colin Legum: Ian Smith goes to Washington

•

Alfred Kazin: Henry Miller Reconsidered

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Old Assassinations

To the editors:

I would care who assassinated Julius Caesar and Spencer Perceval if I thought that those responsible might still be alive and active, perhaps still plotting against the lives of officials and private citizens ["Washington Diarist", *TNR*, Sept. 23]. The fact that some individuals may exploit the crimes for their own particular reasons does not mean an investigation cannot turn up information that is significant for the rest of America.

Whether Americans care enough to attend hearings has nothing to do with the matter. They don't show up for sessions dealing with energy, taxes or foreign policy, which nevertheless are vital to their future. Incidentally, there are presumably 200 million in the U.S. who should be vitally interested in what *The New Republic* has to say. Since only an infinitesimal percentage of 200 million actually cares enough to read *TNR*, why do you continue to publish?

Gerald Astor
Scarsdale, New York

Management's Side

To the editors:

Sadly, *The New Republic* fell into the same trap that befell *The Bergen Record* when writing about the New York newspaper strike—you also neglected to talk with the other side. ["New York Without News", *TNR*, Sept. 23].

The New York pressrooms are no different from those throughout the industry; and, while that is no excuse, the pressmen have been unwilling to wear the safety devices purchased by the publishers. The long apprenticeships that you speak of here in New York were caused by pressmen flooding the market from the other defunct newspapers and gravure operations, not by the publishers.

1300 of the 1508 members of the Union have been offered job guarantees. Of the 200 or so who would not be guaranteed work, 90 are not on the payrolls and the remaining worked less than 150 shifts in 1977. (Most worked much less than this.) Furthermore, automation has nothing to do with this negotiation. Our objective is to have manning that is equal to those pressrooms in our suburban markets that are also manned by this same Pressmen's Union. (As an example, at *Newsday*, when a 6-unit press is run, they man the press with 12 men; at *The News*, with a similar size press, we must hire 17½ men, or a manning level that is 46% higher. Your claim that the pressmen would have to work harder is accurate—they are decidedly underworked now because of this flagrant overmanning that now exists. Also, let me emphasize that the *Newsday* manning scale is above the national norm—a norm also set by the Pressmen's Union.)

Finally, it is absolutely wrong to say that the publishers have not made a move. Our posting requested the acceptance of "room manning" in return for lifetime job guarantees. (The concept of room manning has been accepted in 150 or so other cities that are also manned by the Pressmen's Union.) On August 30, we offered a substantial concession by switching to a modified "unit manning" concept in return for job guarantees. We have also attempted to deal with the Pressmen's Union in a variety of negotiating means—federal mediators, sub-committees, etc. None of these moves have evoked the slightest response.

Jonathan Thompson
Director of Marketing
New York Daily News

P.S. The Bergen Record does not have a contract with the Union.

Socialists on campus

To the editors:

As a member of The City College Chapter of the Young Peoples' Socialist League at the time Irving Howe was at "City" I feel compelled to take issue with your characterization of the YPSL as "*the* Trotskyist youth group." ["Menace on the Right," *TNR*, Sept. 9]. I believe that if you check further you will find that the following is a more accurate rendition of the facts. In the mid-thirties Norman Thomas issued an invitation to all non-Communist Marxist groups to join the Socialist Party. The Trotskyites, who were then perhaps the largest of such groups, formally joined the S.P. They then attempted to take over the "Party" and its youth adjunct, the Young Peoples' Socialist League. I recall many

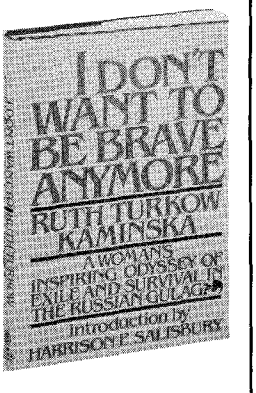
First, the Russians awarded her medals. Then, they exiled her to Siberia.

Photo by Jeff Vinson

Ruth Turkow Kaminska is now an American citizen living in New York City.

While the Nazis shelled Warsaw in 1939, Ruth Turkow Kaminska and her family—the most famous theatrical family in all Europe—made a daring escape to Moscow. Throughout the war, she and her husband Adi toured the warfront, entertaining the Russian troops, and were rewarded with medals and luxuries befitting their fame.

Then, suddenly, in 1945, Ruth was imprisoned on false charges of treason and border crossing; Adi was sent to a concentration camp. Later, Ruth was exiled to Siberia where, for many years, she survived by her indomitable courage and unwarranted hope in seeing Erika, her daughter, again.


I DON'T WANT TO BE BRAVE ANYMORE
RUTH TURKOW KAMINSKA
A WOMAN'S INSPIRING ODYSSEY OF EXILE AND SURVIVAL IN THE RUSSIAN GULAG
Introduction by HARRISON E. SALISBURY

I DON'T WANT TO BE BRAVE ANYMORE is the beautifully-written, heartfelt memoir of her years in the Soviet Union that gives us "a penetrating and indelible picture of the realities of Russian life." —*Publishers Weekly*

$10.95 with 12 pages of photos
At bookstores or
direct from the publisher

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS
1220 19th Street, NW/Washington, DC 20036
Distributed by Simon and Schuster

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meetings and discussion about the position the party and the YPSL should take. Some chapters may well have taken a Trotskyite position but I do not recall the City College chapter having done so—in fact I do recall being one who held out against it. In any case the entire apparatus of the Socalist Party and the YPSL was not, to my knowledge, taken over by the Trotskyites—and they eventually left both the Party and the YPSL.

Your readers might also be interested in this additional sidelight of those days. The YPSL and the Young Communist League (YCL) for some reason were not officially represented on the campus. Political parties, I believe, were not allowed. Each group therefore had what to all intents and purposes functioned as a "front" organization—the YPSL had the Student League for Industrial Democracy (SLID) and the YCL had the National Student League (NSL). These organizations had, in addition to their YPSL and YCL members, students who were *not* socialists and communists but what we might call "sympathizers." The SLID and NSL joined together to form the American Student Union. The ASU was taken over by the Communists and their followers and later went out of existence entirely. After the war I spoke to Harry W. Laidler, Executive Secretary of the LID (the parent group of the SLID) and he said they were beginning a new student group but they had learned their lesson and would not cooperate with the Communists this time. This group was to be called Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). A few years later the two groups split—as I recall for tax purposes. This was the origin of the SDS of the sixties. Now, in the earlier history of the SLID you would find that among its chapter chairmen were Walter Reuther and Hubert Humphrey.

Joel S. Weinberg
South Harwich, Massachusetts

Zionist Paranoia

To the editors:

Regarding M.P.'s "Washington Diarist" of September 16: although I am not personally familiar with the individuals noted, I am impressed that it is possible to interpret the quoted remarks as other than unrelenting anti-Jewishness. The whole page brought to mind a recent CBS commentary which suggested that the paranoia of the Zionists is now the major obstacle to peace in the Middle East. You cannot be serious (and I think that you should be serious about such matters) when you state that Harold Saunders will "not be satisfied till every Israeli lives at maximum peril." It is precisely this kind of paranoid over-reaction of the Zionists which, I believe, is costing Israel more and more friends. There are many kinds of blinders in this world but those of the Zionists are the blackest of all. It should be no surprise that a world constantly judged as evil for its ignorance and honest mistakes should react with annoyance toward those so presumptuous and mistaken in their judgment.

Tom Bryant
Boston, Massachusetts

Hamburgers for postal workers

To the editors:

Beating the postal workers, ["Licking the Postal Workers," *TNR*, Sept. 9] will not contain inflation because the chronic inflation of the 1970s is not wage-induced. Since 1973 average earnings of production and non-supervisory workers in constant 1967 dollars has declined. Its chief value, one clearly given top priority by the Carter administration, is to attempt to set a pattern for wage settlements that fall far short of protecting workers from continuing erosion in the standard of living. Yet declining real wages have failed to modulate inflation. *TNR* might try explaining why.

TNR places the entire burden of rising costs in the Postal Service on rising wages, conveniently neglecting the longterm subsidies junk mail and periodicals receive.

While acknowledging that the average postal worker's salary of $15,877 is not munificent and that the new pay package guarantees a decline in real income, given present rates of inflation, *TNR* laments that postal workers are not willing to suffer as much as telephone employees and railway workers who've settled for even less. Most galling of all is that a bunch of "semiskilled workers" should be so greedy. Since when must semi-skilled workers eat steak; hamburgers are good enough for them.

Paul Goodman
Professor of History
University of California, Davis

Buckley's Pope

To the editors:

When Mr. Buckley states that the Papacy should more concentrate upon the spiritual and less upon the material ["The Pope I Want", *TNR*, Aug. 26 and Sept. 2]—which is the same as saying the Papacy should concentrate upon the "to come and not the here and now"—he errs unmistakably logically, religiously, philosophically and rhetorically.

While it is most true that the Church's function is spiritual, rather than material; celestial, rather than terrestrial; eternal, rather than temporal, the Church is not an institution of a celestial, matterless and eternal world. It is an institution of man: temporal, material and worldly. In consequence of this, the Church must work with and through temporality, materiality and terrestriality, in order to achieve its purposes. The Church, and the Pope, does not so much transfigure the mundane into the vital essential as it does bring the eternal essential into the temporal mundane. Consequently, there is a greater urgency for the Church to deal with the socioeconomic matters, which many refer to as temporal, mundane and nonvital affairs removed from the purview of the Church. It is of this stuff by which men live and are affected. The world to come can come only from the interaction with the world at hand. To not interact in the present world forfeits all hope of an eventual change.

James F. Casale
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Douglas Haig

To the editors:

As a Haigophobe, pusher of my own book on the Somme (*The Violet Dots*, Braziller) and born pedant, I feel Jack Beatty let General Haig off too easily (Review of *Beyond Boom and Crash*, *TNR*, Sept. 23). He was not in the trenches on the first day of the Somme; he never saw the trenches; he deemed it his duty not to view wounded men because it might affect his judgment. (In fact, hardly any British WWI general saw the trenches, hence the ban on steel helmets for the whole first year of the war, the parade-ground training as for some Napoleonic Land-of-Counterpane war, and the fact that the men even dressed for the wrong war, with their Indian puttees.)

(continued on page 39)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peacekeeping, Syrian-Style

BEIRUT— Syrian peacekeeping troops pounded right-wing Christian militias in and around Beirut yesterday . . .
—The Washington Post, October 1, 1978

"Blessed are the peacemakers . . . ," said Jimmy Carter (quoting St. Matthew) after Camp David. But blessed apparently also are the warmakers. That surely is the message of the $90 million in US aid to Syria which the administration has squeezed out of a confused Congress. What's particularly difficult to fathom is why the President overruled Cyrus Vance and the State Department, who were willing to let it go at $60 million and have the difference stand as our reproach for Syria's war against the Sadat-Begin peace negotiations. In the House, Carter had the assistance of David Obey, Democrat of Wisconsin, who argued that Syria should be rewarded for blocking arms shipments to Iraq. Since Syria does not stand between Iraq and its likely arms suppliers, it's impossible to know what he possibly could have meant by that. And then came Obey's clincher: "We have to get Syria on this peace train. If that happens the Saudis will have to also." Clearly on Middle East matters, Mr. Obey does not know Iraq from his elbow. The Syrians have not even made these far-fetched arguments on their own behalf. Perhaps as their hopes of retrieving the Golan recede from anyone else's agenda but their own, the Damascus Baathists will have second thoughts about not sitting down with the Israelis. But for now, and the foreseeable future, they're at the front of those pronouncing anathemas and interdicts on Sadat and anyone else who wants to, as we used to say, "give peace a chance." Hafez Assad, who runs Syria with a strong and bloody hand, has just about been running Lebanon (or that part of it the Christians and Israelis will allow him to run) also with a strong and bloody hand, presumably his other one.

Assad's motives emerge from Syrian history. Once there was a Greater Syria. It included what is now Lebanon. (It also included Palestine which may explain the intensity of Syrian irredentism about the Holy Land.) But in the 1930s, to keep the various and populous Christian communities from being at the mercy of militant Islam, a delicate political balance was established which secured their rights and those of the Moslems too. It didn't turn out exactly as one-man-one-vote; it was not meant to. But where in the Middle East, Israel aside, does anyone think that kind of democracy is possible? For nearly 40 years, nevertheless, there seemed to be a Lebanese genius for compromise. Lebanese politics worked.

But it did not work forever. The arrival of many Palestinians aggravated Moslem discontent with the delicate balance. By late 1975, Lebanon was in the throes of civil war. Partly for the sake of convenience and partly by malevolent design, the Christians came to be called "right wing" and the Moslems "left wing." These media labels did not have much to do either with actual practices or ideologies. (See Bernard Lewis's "Right and Left in Lebanon," *TNR*, September 10, 1977.) In mid-1976 Assad launched a full-scale invasion of Lebanon, first playing one side off against the other. Despite the kind of fierce inter-Arab feud which seems to be provoked by any development anywhere, the Syrians won the day. At conferences in Riyadh and Cairo, Assad was told by the colonels and sheikhs that Lebanon was his with the only caveat being that he'd have to keep a Lebanese government in place as a fig leaf. The Syrian troops were renamed the Arab Deterrent Force. Dispatches to American papers now call them the "Syrian peacekeeping forces"—with the collusion of Dr. Kurt Waldheim and his spiffed-up but ineffectual United Nations army. They've been hysterical about disarming the Christian militias (trained and armed primarily by the Israelis). Even President Carter has uttered unction about expecting the Christians to lay down their guns. What about the guns of the PLO? Or, heaven forbid, those of the Syrians? Silence.

For months now we've been reading, and also hearing on the tube, about "Syrian peacekeeping forces pounding Christian neighborhoods." A curious phrase, isn't it? But no editor seems to think it misleading. Hundreds die, thousands. In these last days merciless and relentless Syrian bombardments have spread far beyond Beirut to Christian areas previously marginal to the conflict. The only safe Christians in Lebanon are those protected by the Jews. Now President Assad will have another $90 million to feed his machine of genocide. For Lebanon's Christians who survive and those few Americans who may care, there will be Mr. Obey to remember, and Representatives Lewis Stokes, Democrat of Ohio; Charles Wilson, Democrat of Texas; George Mahon, Democrat of Texas; Matthew McHugh, Democrat of New York; Senators Daniel Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii; and Richard Schweiker, Republican of Pennsylvania; plus of course the biggest peacemaker of them all, President Carter.

Human Rights for Spies

If you ask the Central Intelligence Agency whether Paul Newman works for them as a spy, you'll get this answer: "We can't comment on that. It falls under the category of 'operational activities.'" The reason for this, they say, is to protect the lives of people working undercover for the agency in other countries. But if you *are* working undercover for the CIA, and your assigned country finds out and decides to have you shot by a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

firing squad, woe be unto you; the CIA won't say a thing. They'd rather let you die than identify you as a member of the Company.

Of course, this is hardly news, and in many ways it is understandable. But this policy offers an intriguing angle from which to consider the Carter administration's human rights policy, as it must function in the real world. Carter and the US government have remained silent concerning the case of Anatoly Filatov, who has been convicted of spying for the CIA in the Soviet Union and sentenced to death by firing squad. This silence contrasts oddly with the administration's response to the recent, more celebrated trial and conviction of noted Soviet dissident Anatoly Scharansky.

When the Soviets tried Scharansky for treason, charging him with serving the American intelligence community as a spy, the Western world stood up in outrage against it, and rightly so. This journal took the position that the trial mocked justice and deserved direct retaliation by the self-labelled champion of human rights, President Carter. He did so by personally declaring that Scharansky was not a spy for the CIA. This was an unprecedented thing for an American president to do, and it made no difference to the trial's outcome, but it helped to crystallize this country's intolerance for Soviet human rights violations.

Buried among the furniture ads in a recent *Washington Post*, an Associated Press dispatch appeared from Moscow about a 38-year-old Soviet citizen Anatoly Filatov. According to the news account, Filatov had been convicted by a Soviet court July 14 of working for "an unidentified Western power" and sentenced to death. It seems that this unidentified power took "compromising photographs" of Filatov, who is married, with a girlfriend in an Algiers motel room. The suggestion was that this Western power used the photos to blackmail Filatov into working as a spy. He's been in jail since his conviction—his children think he's away on business—and now he says, through his wife, that his employer was the CIA. No one at the State Department is willing to deny this, and of course the CIA's lips are sealed.

If Filatov is not a CIA agent, will President Carter go public with this information in an effort to save his life? No. If Filatov *is* a CIA agent, will President Carter try to save his life, since he may die in service to the United States? No.

Filatov says he wrote President Carter a letter appealing for help, and his wife, Tamara, has spoken to Western reporters in Moscow in search of publicity for the case. But stories about people like Filatov tend to be buried, since the American press perceives their cause as less significant than those of leading dissidents like Scharansky. Since the first story appeared, no news has followed about Filatov's fate. The Soviet embassy in Washington says that they don't really know whether the death sentence has been carried out, but said they presumed such news would be "reported in our newspapers and relayed to you by your Western correspondents in Moscow." A State Department spokesman, after checking with what he called "our alleged experts here," said: "We have no hard evidence either way, and some circumstantial evidence that he was not yet executed." He added that some people at the State Department believe the Soviets may offer to swap Filatov's life for the two Soviet agents currently on trial for espionage in New Jersey. Asked about such speculation, a Soviet embassy spokesman replied, "That would be funny." He did not explain why.

We urge the predicament of Anatoly Filatov on any budding Russian novelists who may be reading. Here is a man who apparently did work for the forces of freedom, but unwillingly. He is arrested, asks for help from the free world, and is met with silence. Meanwhile the leader of the free world speaks out in defense of another arrested person, declaring righteously that however sympathetic this other person may have been to the cause of freedom, he did nothing practical to advance it.

We also urge President Carter to do whatever he can to get Filatov out of the fix we seem to have gotten him into. Whatever he can may not be very much. We cannot really object if the Soviet Union discovers our spies and arrests them—we do the same—or even if it decides to execute them—we have done that too. We have done worse. On the other hand, pending a final triumph for freedom we cannot forebear from recruiting spies (although—at the risk of sounding soft—we wonder whether the blackmail tactics are really necessary). A gritty trade is the best hope; moral indignation is hardly called for. Helping Anatoly Filatov will require a brief leap off the hortatory pedestal and into the slime in which we and the Russians both still swim.

White House Watch

Family Affairs

At a time when Jimmy Carter is projecting himself as a bold leader who dares the most powerful Democrats in Congress to override his veto of a public works bill, admonishes the same Democrats to give him tax and energy legislation that he can sign without excessive embarrassment, commits the US to being an active negotiator of a peace treaty between Israel and Egypt, and is close to agreement with the Soviet Union on new terms for strategic arms limitation, the sort of trivia that follows will be thought and said at the White

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

House to be disgracefully out of place. Perhaps it is. But it is fun and also instructive, so here we go.

One of the *Chicago Tribune*'s Washington reporters, Eleanor Randolph, wrote a story about the flap that advance copies of a new novel about an imaginary White House caused at the Carter White House. The Randolph story and a follow-up story in the *Washington Post* caused more of a flap than the novel did. The author of *First Family* is Patrick Anderson, who wrote another novel called *The President's Mistress* and was Jimmy Carter's chief speechwriter during his campaign for the presidency. Pat Anderson's wife, Ann, was Rosalynn Carter's deputy press secretary during the campaign and at the White House until last July. Many reporters considered Ann Anderson one of the best assistants on Mrs. Carter's staff. Mary Hoyt, Mrs. Carter's staff director and press secretary, seemed to be ill at ease when she told astonished journalists that Ann Anderson's job had been eliminated in the course of a staff reorganization and that Ann had not been "fired" in the usual sense of the word. The simultaneous dismissal of four volunteers, admirers of Rosalynn who had worked for free, and the assignment of their tasks to salaried help at a time when Rosalynn was complaining that Jimmy wouldn't allow her sufficient staff, also seemed strange. It has never been satisfactorily explained. Pat Anderson said after the 1976 election that he wasn't going to be President Carter's chief speechwriter, as expected, because Mrs. Carter wanted to keep Ann on her staff and Jimmy Carter wouldn't have husbands and wives working together on the White House staff. He, Pat, didn't like the way the Carter establishment was shaping up, anyhow. Anderson also said that the President-elect had promised to cooperate with him on a book about the first year of the Carter presidency. That book was never attempted and Anderson says that he and the President no longer have any sort of relationship, good or bad. "He went his way and I went my way," Anderson says.

Pat's novel is about President Tom Painter, a Tennesseean who has an affair with his secretary after his wife has a nervous breakdown. Rosalynn Carter has never been close to a breakdown of any sort, so far as is known. Carter has said that he's lusted after other women and he'd be abnormal if he didn't lust after his secretary, Susan Clough. He has also said that Rosalynn is the only woman he has ever loved or, he indicates, made love to. President Painter says "good deal" when something pleases him. So does President Carter. President Painter bullies his staff. President Carter can be short and curt with his staff. President Painter has a boorish assistant whose antics resemble the behavior attributed, sometimes inaccurately or in exaggerated form, to President Carter's staff chief, Hamilton Jordan. Eleanor Randolph reported in the *Tribune* that "Mrs. Carter fired Patrick Anderson's wife" and quoted Anderson as saying in effect that Rosalynn did it because of the novel. Anderson to Randolph: "She [Ann] was very popular and a valued employee. Then the book started circulating and then she was abruptly dismissed. I think the facts speak for themselves." Ann Anderson, who first accepted the reorganization story, is known to suspect that her husband is correct.

Faith Collins, Rosalynn's new deputy spokesperson, swore "on a stack of Bibles" that neither Mrs. Carter nor Mary Hoyt had read or heard about advance proofs of the novel and that it had nothing to do with Ann Anderson's departure. Mary Hoyt, who was out of communication last week because of the death of one of her sons, asked a Carter assistant for his copy of the proofs two days after the *Tribune* account appeared. Greg Schneiders, one of only two Carter assistants who have admitted to me that they have seen the proofs, told Eleanor Randolph that Anderson's mingling of fact and fiction is "irresponsible." Others told her that the novel is "sleazy," "cheap," "graceless," and that Anderson is "a dirty rat." A *Washington Post* reporter, catching up with the *Tribune* scoop, got Hamilton Jordan to sneer that "it certainly was fiction" and got Press Secretary Jody Powell to say, "It doesn't make a whole heck of a lot of difference. It's a little tacky."

The impact of media coverage upon a White House staff that is acutely concerned with the presidential image is illustrated by another episode involving Rosalynn Carter, the President and their son Chip. The *Washington Post* reported on September 21 that Bill Milliken, a protege of the Carters and of Rosalynn in particular, had solicited and accepted a $10,000 contribution to two Milliken charitable enterprises from one George Zamias, a Johnstown, Pennsylvania, real estate developer who was applying for a Department of Housing and Urban Development grant. The *Post* said Zamias had asked Milliken to arrange an appointment for him with HUD officials. Milliken asked an old friend at HUD to arrange an appointment for Zamias and other Johnstown applicants. They got two appointments. Their applications were still under review in early October. The story also said Milliken and his programs had been given office space in the Old Executive Office Building, which adjoins the White House. The Old EOB is for Carter assistants who don't rate space in the two office wings of the White House proper and for such presidential bureaucracies as the Office of Management and Budget. The instant reaction to the story was an investigation by Robert Lipshutz, Carter's chief counsel, and a report to the press four days later by Jody Powell.

The essence of Lipshutz's finding and of Powell's report was that Milliken was guilty of "a mistake" and nothing worse, as Milliken had already said, in the Zamias affair. Beyond noting that everything said and learned about it up to this writing inclines me to agree, I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hereafter leave that matter to others and devote the remainder of this account to the extraordinary relationship between Bill Milliken, an extraordinary character who proffers and uses no other first name, and the Carters. Recounted in any detail in today's media atmosphere, the tale may suggest wrongdoing. That is not my belief or intention. I find it merely fascinating.

Bill Milliken, aged 38, was born and raised in Pittsburgh (a circumstance that led to his acquaintance with Zamias in Johnstown). During the 1960s and into 1970 he lived and worked in what he calls "the movement . . . on the streets" of Harlem and East Side New York. His special interest was helping poor, dropout children of or near high school age, mostly black. He conceived, organized, begged money and staff for "alternative schools" for such children, attempting to give them personal attention and motivation they could not get in the huge city school systems. His wife, now an ordained Episcopal priest, worked in a social welfare enterprise called Faith at Work. In 1970 Milliken despaired of accomplishing much in New York and moved to Georgia. In South Georgia, near the Carters' home in Plains, he met Clarence Jordan, founder of the famous biracial cooperative Koinonia and, Milliken says, "the greatest influence on my life." The Millikens did not meet the Carters then. In Atlanta Milliken organized and got some federal support for "postal schools," where dropout children got the personalized attention he believed essential. They also worked parttime in Atlanta post offices. The schools were about to lose their federal support when he heard that Georgia's governor, Jimmy Carter, might help him. "So I shaved and got me a suit and went to see him." Carter was interested in Milliken's ideas. But it was Jim Parham, the director of Georgia's Department of Human Resources, who helped directly with some state money. Parham would figure later and importantly in Milliken's and the Carters' relationship.

Ruth Carter Stapleton, Jimmy's faith-healing sister, knew Mrs. Milliken from her labors with Faith at Work and had the Millikens to dinner with Governor and Mrs. Carter. Philip Alston, one of Carter's bigshot Atlanta friends and supporters, arranged another meeting. After the 1976 election and then after the inauguration, Rosalynn Carter had Milliken "write up a lot of stuff" about his ideas on how to personalize assistance to poor people, coordinate public and private activities in their behalf, and train federal, state and local officials and bureaucracies in the attitudes and methods, all aimed at breaking down huge impersonal systems into small personalized systems, that Milliken advocates. He had tried and failed to sell his ideas to welfare and educational bureaucracies during the Ford administration. Rosalynn made the difference in the Carter administration.

She put him up in the White House residence during visits to Washington. She had him given a White House pass. And she *told* budget director Bert Lance—Milliken's way of putting it—to get behind Milliken and his ideas. Lance and Mrs. Carter accompanied Milliken to a meeting with company executives. Milliken asked them for money and support in the form of staff help and promises of jobs for people trained in Milliken programs. Lance urged the managers to give Milliken what he asked. Lance put Milliken on the OMB payroll as a consultant at $152.32 per working day. He was paid $13,098.50 for 86 working days between February 14 and August 31, 1977. He and a few other consultants were assigned OMB office space. Their assignment was to study the feasibility of federal support for "integrated human services delivery systems"—Milliken's kind of systems. Jim Parham, then on the White House staff and now a deputy assistant secretary at HEW, oversaw the study and now oversees the federal support that resulted from it. Something awkwardly called Cities in Schools, an experimental program for deprived children that has operated in Atlanta, Indianapolis and New York and is soon to operate in the District of Columbia, was allotted $2,203,000 in grants from six federal agencies in the 1978 budget, plus $560,000 from HEW and HUD to finance an outside contractor's evaluation of the program. Cities in Schools is in line for about $2.2 million in the pending 1979 budget.

Two young assignees from HEW and its Community Services Administration, Willoughby (Wib) Walling and Jane Hansen, have two small offices and a foyer in the Old EOB and answer "Cities in Schools" when their OMB telephone rings. They coordinate the getting and use of federal grants. Milliken until recently used the same suite for work in behalf of his non-profit Institutional Development Corporation, which subsists on private contributions and gets no federal money. IDC solicits federal grants for Cities in Schools and for the state and local activities associated with it. It pays Milliken $26,000 a year. Chip Carter worked for IDC last year and Milliken hoped that he'd take charge of a Cities in Schools operation in the District of Columbia. Chip quit the IDC staff after a magazine piece suggested that his job was a payoff for the federal grants. A friend and associate of Milliken's, Maurice Weir, opened a private Washington office for himself and Milliken before the *Post* story appeared and is setting up the District program.

Milliken expects to be visiting Washington about twice a week and to be staying at the White House. He still has his White House pass. It all goes to show, I'd say, what association with Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter can do for a good man and a good cause.

John Osborne

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No love's lost in Labour.

Tory Time

London

Outwardly British political party conferences are more different from national conventions in America than they are the same. The Labour party at Blackpool and the Conservatives at Brighton don't make their gatherings into the kind of extravaganzas we have. There are no bands or balloons and there's only a little bunting. British TV doesn't bother with gavel-to-gavel coverage, so delegates don't have their bodies baked and eyeballs seared under kleig lights. At Blackpool last week, there were plots and power plays going on most of the time, but the conference floor wasn't an electronic battlefield, as at American conventions. Delegates communicated with one another face-to-face, rather than by walkie-talkie or by secure telephone lines connected to well-guarded trailers.

The purposes of party conferences in England are different, too. They aren't designed to choose prospective prime ministers—that's done by the party's parliamentary delegation. At conferences, delegates spend most of their time debating issues, declaring positions, electing party officials and setting party rules. The British hold their conferences annually, rather than every four years, and get altogether less excited about them than we do, even when a national election is drawing near.

At the same time, political conferences tell a lot about the sociology and mores of British parties, just as ours do. If the Conservatives live up to past form at their conference this week in Brighton, they will do all their fighting out of public view and present the world with a picture of tidy, well-orchestrated togetherness. Some Tory moderates detest their arch-conservative party leader, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, and they will conspire to topple her instantly if she leads the party to defeat when an election is called. But this week, unless someone mislays the script, unity will be on display.

By day, the Tories will make speeches in Brighton's modern convention hall denouncing Labour, inflation, irresponsible unions, taxation, unemployment and spending. In the evening, gentlemen and ladies will don black tie and formal dresses for invitation-only dinner dances at the resort's up-to-date hotels.

Labour tried meeting one year at Brighton but found it too swell. So the party returned to Blackpool, England's Atlantic City, where Liverpool and Manchester working people spend their holidays at run-down bed-and-breakfast hotels, eat fish and chips and amuse themselves playing bingo and pinball or riding streetcars decorated as battleships.

Labour is a trade union party. Its ideology is Socialist. Its mores and tastes are working class. Delegates call each other "comrade" and not infrequently have whiskey on their breath. Most important, unions wield overwhelming power in the party. Of the 1155 delegates at Blackpool last week, 608 represented unions and 532 represented local party organizations. Voting strength, based on membership, was even more disproportionate. Of 6,751,000 total ballots to be cast on any issue, 6,061,000 were in the hands of union leaders. The Labour party contains plenty of Oxbridge-educated snooties, many in powerful positions, but its prevailing atmosphere is far more raucous and rebellious than that of the Tories.

Labour had a lot to be raucous about last week, and it carried on in ways somewhat reminiscent of the Democrats in Chicago in 1968. Not that there was blood in the streets and tear gas in hotel lobbies. But there was a political resemblance. Prime Minister James Callaghan is, as Hubert Humphrey was in 1968, a center-right political professional trying to lead his party into elections by appealing to mainstream popular sentiment in the country. The Labour party's militant left wing, and most union leaders, seemingly would rather be true to their ideological convictions than win. Together, they delivered a stunning rebuke to Callaghan last week, much as McCarthyites and McGovernites did to Humphrey in Chicago. The result well could be a victory by Margaret Thatcher, who is not the Richard Nixon of British politics, but may be the Barry Goldwater.

As prime minister, Callaghan has placed first priority on controlling inflation, which reached a terrifying 27 percent in the summer of 1975 during the tenure of his Labour predecessor, Harold Wilson. Callaghan's chief weapon is an incomes policy based on pay limits, and he has succeeded in reducing the inflation rate to eight percent. To keep it under double digits, Callaghan's government is insisting that new pay increases be held to five percent. But the country's biggest union, the Transport Workers, wants 30 percent from the Ford Motor Company, and has struck to support its demands, confronting Callaghan with a major test of political strength.

Polls show that the public—including 75 percent of all union members—is solidly against the strike. One poll found that 82 percent of the British public believes unions have too much power. Callaghan seemed to calculate that a tough anti-inflation stand would help Labour win the election, which must come before October 1979.

On the latter score, he seems to have been dead wrong, and this may undermine the strategy of claiming to the country that handling labor is best left to Labour, not the Tories. At Blackpool, unionists and leftists combined to defeat a resolution praising the union-government economic partnership which "succeeded in overcoming the greatest inflationary threat to the economic and social fabric of Britain in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic Books

Up to 60% off "invaluable," "perceptive," and "highly recommended" New Republic Books

BOOKS ON POLITICS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

WHITE HOUSE WATCH: The Ford Years
by John Osborne
"Essential for understanding the short, happy presidency of Gerald Ford and the election of 1976."— Richard Reeves, *The New York Times Book Review*
$11.95. Sale price $6.95.

THE NEW MUCKRAKERS
by Leonard Downie, Jr.
"What Hoyle is to card games, **The New Muckrakers** is to investigative reporting." — *Editor and Publisher*. "The best book I have ever read on the subject." —Richard Reeves, *The New York Times Book Review*
$10.95. Sale price: $8.00.

TOP SECRET: National Security and the Right to Know by Morton Halperin and Daniel Hoffman
Proposals for reform of the executive secrecy system. "Invaluable for opinion-shapers and policy-makers." —*The Kirkus Reviews*
cloth $8.95. Sale price: $7.95.
paper $3.95. Sale price: $3.00.

AN AMERICAN RAPE by A. Robert Smith and James V. Giles
The true and gripping story of what the *Washington Post* called "one of the great and signal cases of courtroom injustice in American legal history."
cloth $10.00. Sale price: $5.00.
paper $4.95. Sale price: $3.95.

TRUTH AND TRAGEDY: A Tribute to Hans J. Morgenthau
A festschrift volume honoring one of the great political scientists of the century, with contributions from Louis J. Halle, Marcus, Raskin, Herbert Butterfield, and many others.
$20.00. Sale price: $16.00.

PUBLIC WORK, PUBLIC WORKERS
by Ralph J. Flynn
The author, an official of the California Teachers Association, calls for a federal bargaining act for public employees. "Important to all students of labor relations." —*American Bar Association Journal*
$5.95. Sale price: $2.95.

BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

DIARY OF AN ARTIST by Raphael Soyer
The intimate diaries of "the dean of American realist painters." —John Canaday, *The New York Times*. The lasting statement of a great painter's life, an invaluable complement to his oeuvre.
$15.95. Sale price: $10.95
Deluxe edition $200. Sale price: $100.

THE OTHER GERMAN: Willy Brandt's Life and Times by David Binder
A major biography of Germany's leading political figure of the post-war era. "A model of good contemporary history." —*The New York Times Book Review*
$12.50. Sale price: $3.50.

THE STREET by Mordecai Richler
A celebrated writer's memoirs of growing up Jewish in Montreal. "A most delightful book, wryly humorous, perceptive, and—most of all—a microcosm of the Jewish race in its eternal struggle for survival." —*Chicago Tribune Book World*
$6.95. Sale price: $1.95.

PAUL ROBESON: All-American
by Dorothy Butler Gilliam
"A wonderful and compassionate biography of a giant in recent Afro-American history." —Julian Bond. "She has cut through the propaganda and shown the authentic man." —*Los Angeles Times*
$8.95. Sale price: $7.95.

ME AND RALPH: Is Nader Unsafe for America? by David Sanford
"Sanford predicts Nader will call it all 'false and scurrilous.' Others will welcome it as a long overdue x-ray of the consumers' icon."—*The Kirkus Reviews*
$7.95. Sale price $1.95

HEIRESS: The Rich Life of Marjorie Merriweather Post
by William Wright
"An irresistible story."—*Publishers Weekly*. "She led one of the most fascinating and accomplished lives of a woman in this century . . . an enthralling biography."—Alden Whitman, *Palm Beach Life*
$12.50. Sale price: $10.00

LITERARY BOOKS

THE POET AS JOURNALIST
by Reed Whittemore
"Whittemore is an important, unrecognized critical voice, a poet who happens also to be a witty and original prose writer. A book to dig out if you've already buried it, for first-rate reading." —Doris Grumbach, *Harper's Bookletter*
$8.95. Sale price: $3.95

LITERATURE AND LIBERALISM: An Anthology of Sixty Years of The New Republic Edited by Edward Zwick. Introduction by Irving Howe
"Here is a gathering of beautiful prose and poetry, all of which happens to be perpetually seductive and terribly important." —*Miami Herald*
cloth $15.00. Sale price: $12.00.
paper $5.95. Sale price: $3.95

BOOKS ON EDUCATION

BARRED FROM SCHOOL: Two Million Children! by Thomas J. Cottle
A distingushed psychologist and writer evaluates the shameful exclusion of children from school in this "disturbing and necessary book. Let's hope the anger it is bound to will result in action." —*Learning Magazine*
$7.95. Sale price: $6.95.
paper $3.95. Sale price: $2.95.

THESE BOOKS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT DIVORCE by Robert Cassidy
How men can fight discrimination in the courts, gain custody of their children, and readjust to single life. "An extremely valuable guide." —*Publishers Weekly*
$8.95. Sale price: $6.95

BODY, MIND, BEHAVIOR: Why People Act The Way They Do by Maggie Scarf
A leading popular science writer explains TM, anger and fear, sanity and madness, hangovers and the male mid-life crisis in these prize-winning articles on behavioral science.
$9.95. Sale price: $7.95.

BLUE JOLTS: True Stories from the Cuckoo's Nest Compiled by Charles Steir
What it's really like to be "treated" in a mental institution as described by writers, poets, politicians, doctors, and friends of the "insane."
$8.95. No sale price.

THE STORY OF CHRISTIAN ORIGINS
by Martin A. Larson
A masterful synthesis of the facts involved in the genesis of the Christian epic tracing pagan roots of Christianity back to the earliest Mediterranean communities, focusing on the Essenes, from whom the Gospel emerged.
$12.50. Sale price: $9.00.

RALLYING CRIES: Three Plays
by Eric Bentley
Three plays including the acclaimed "Are You Now Or Have You Ever Been" about the HUAC hearings in the 1950s—dealing with honor, nobility, and love by a leading critic of modern theatre.
cloth $10.00. Sale price: $8.00.
paper $4.50. Sale price: $3.95

FANS! How We Go Crazy Over Sports
by Michael Roberts
"At last, a sports book different from most others. Not so much a book about sports per se, it deals with the weird and wacky ways in which athletes and fans sometimes act and react...The book is refreshing, revealing, and humorous. Highly recommended." —*Library Journal*
$8.95. Sale price: $2.95.

ORDER FORM

New Republic Books
1220 19th Street, NW, Suite 205
Washington, DC 20036

Title Price

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

postage/handling: $ .50
TOTAL: $ _____

Terms:
Minimum order: $5.00.
All orders must be prepaid.
Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Autumn Book Sale

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

modern times." Instead, the conference adopted a resolution declaring that the party "rejects totally any wage restraint by whatever method—including specifically the government's five percent." The conference said it "will support the planning of wages when prices, profits and investment are planned within the framework of a Socialist planned economy."

The party took its actions in spite of a warning from one crusty union leader, Sid Weighell of the railwaymen, that they would "send the message out that the philosophy of this party is the philosophy of the pig trough: those with the biggest snouts get the biggest share." Callaghan followed up his defeat by delivering a masterful, self-deprecatory speech designed to smooth over the split in Labour's ranks and at the same time serve notice that if inflation approached double figures, the government would respond with higher taxes, spending cuts or tighter money. However, the Tories at Brighton can be expected to pick up every bit of the ammunition served up to them at Blackpool and fire it back at Labour.

Besides the votes on inflation policy, the Tories will be equipped with plenty of evidence that Labour's Socialist left wing is increasingly ascendent, and may one day seize control of the party. In other parallels to the Democrats in 1968, left-wingers sought to change party rules to improve the ability of local party organizations to replace sitting members of Parliament and to make the choice of a leader in Parliament subject to more influence by trade unions and local party officials. In American terms, the reforms seem eminently fair. In fact they would leave British politics far less democratic than primary elections render ours. But in British terms, they represented an effort by left-activists to increase their power. Both efforts failed, but the proposal on mandatory re-selection of MP nearly passed and probably will do so sometime in the future.

Moderates and rightists in the Labour party clearly feel a threat from the left, and have organized a pro-government campaign for Labour victory that is reminiscent of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority back home in the US, in its capitalist-cum-welfare state ideology and its opposition to super-egalitarianism. The left, meanwhile, has organized a new group of its own, the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, designed to promote its causes: worker control of industrial policy and investment, nationalization of industry, disarmament and a weakening of ties to the European Economic Community, which many leftists consider to be dominated by multinational corporations.

The two organizations also are vehicles to advance the interests of potential rivals for labor leadership in the future. If Labour loses the next election, Callaghan probably will step down. If the party rejects Chancellor of the Excheouer Denis Healey, Callaghan's heir apparent, there is likely to be an intense struggle for the leadership in which several attractive center-rightists—including Prices Secretary Roy Hattersley, Foreign Secretary David Owen and Education Secretary Shirley Williams—may be unable to stand off a determined left unified around Energy Secretary Tony Benn, the Wedgewood China heir who gave up a peerage to become England's foremost exponent of public ownership of the means of production.

Whatever the real chances of a left-wing takeover of Labour, the Tories delight in scaring the electorate with the prospect of confiscation of private property, a statist economy and ruin. The Tories have less hypothetical ammunition to use, too, notably the fact that 1.5 million workers are unemployed (6.3 percent), nearly a million more than when Labour came to power in 1924 and the jobless rate was 2.7 percent. This summer, when it appeared Callaghan was about to call elections for October, the Tories played on unemployment, plus general dissatisfaction with the bureaucratic welfare state, in a slick, American-style advertising campaign declaring, "Labour isn't working."

Public polls at the time showed the Tories seven points ahead of Labour—enough for a landslide victory. Callaghan decided against elections, reportedly, after seeing private poll results showing the situation to be even worse than that in the 30-odd marginal constituencies, mainly in the midlands and the northwest, where a swing of just three percent from 1974 results would produce a Tory majority in Parliament. The polls also showed that the collapse of Britain's third party, the Liberals, benefited the Tories.

To fight back, Labour seeks to make an issue of the philosophy and personalities of Thatcher and her monetarist economic adviser and prospective chancellor of the exchequer, Sir Keith Joseph. Both are ideologues who tend to prate on about the evils of "collectivism." Even fellow Tories acknowledge it is easy to represent them as "trouble," and that is just what Labour does, forecasting another depression if Thatcher and Joseph are elected. In fact, moderating influences within her party are probably strong enough that Thatcher probably would not govern Britain too differently from Callaghan.

In England, politics is economics, with a dash of personality thrown in. The polls show Callaghan running well ahead of Thatcher in personal approval ratings, so he will try to run an American-style presidential campaign, while the Tories strive to emphasize party responsibility. Issues such as immigration, law and order and Soviet expansionism probably will marginally benefit the Tories, unless they overdo it and descend to Agnewism.

It's useless to predict the outcome of an election when not even the date for voting is known. But a number of British politicians in both parties and many political reporters think that, yes, Labour will start out way behind and disunited, and that Thatcher and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

company will begin far ahead and run a smooth, slick campaign. But they think that Callaghan, if he plays it right, can close the gap. And they think it's entirely possible that Thatcher, who's not very popular to begin with and comes across a cold "cultured pearl," could blow her lead. In the end, though, most observers think that Thatcher will win a narrow victory, which is about in parallel with what happened in America in November 1968. After that, you will recall, George McGovern made his move.

Morton Kondracke

In defense of filthy habits.

A Smoker's Lament

I mean to give up smoking one of these days. It's a filthy habit, and dangerous to my health.

Why haven't I already given it up? Lest you forget, it isn't easy to give up. Your chest feels empty. Your head feels light. You can't concentrate: you read a paragraph, and re-read it, and re-read it, and God only knows what it says.

Moreover, there is an awful secret about smoking: much of the time it's just a necessity, but some of the time it's wonderful! Think of fresh, strong, black coffee with a Gauloise Bleu. Think of a little Dutch cigar with an icy pink gin. I'd rather give up sex.

I confess to weakness of will. But why are *you* so angry?

(1) "How ugly it looks." Well, I agree: we smokers do not look as lovely as we once thought we would. We smokers thought, at age 14, that we would look just *grand* holding a cigarette; and we don't. Our fingers are yellow, and our teeth—the less said about our teeth the better. An ashtray full of cigarette butts (especially an ashtray that was wet to start with) comes fairly far down on my own list of favorite things to look at, and I smoke. But it cannot be this that makes you so angry.

(2) "How ugly it smells." Did you ask me if I mind your soap? Or the onions you had for lunch? I cannot remember that you did.

(3) "You're killing the rest of us!" Now we've come to something serious. I have my suspicions on this matter, but I wouldn't dream of arguing. It is said that when we smoke in enclosed places, we impose a harm (or at least a risk of harm) on the non-smokers. Let us suppose this is true. Then certainly we ought not smoke in those places—if the non-smokers *have* to be in those places, and if those enclosed places *have* to remain closed.

I do think it important to stress that the fact (supposing it a fact) that if we smoke in enclosed places we impose a harm (or at least a risk of harm) on non-smokers does not settle anything at all *by itself*. There are distinctions to be made.

Elevators? Certainly. People have to use them, and there is no way of ventilating them efficiently, so it was right to make it illegal to smoke in elevators—right even if we cause no harm, but merely annoy. Elevators seem to me an extreme and obvious case, and a useful one: the more an enclosed space is like an elevator, the more reasonable it seems to bar smoking in it. Perhaps (some) grocery stores. Perhaps (some sections of some) libraries. Perhaps classrooms with no windows. Perhaps (some) movie houses. (I say nothing here about fire prevention. Rules against smoking are *of course* proper in places where there is great risk of harm or damage due to fire.)

But there are other cases. I do not merely have in mind private places, like one's own apartment, or one's own private office. I have in mind public places. Public rooms which have windows which can be opened. Public rooms which are efficiently air-conditioned. There is always room for dispute as to whether the air-conditioning in a given space *is* efficient; but there being room for such a dispute does not settle that it is not efficient.

I said it was also relevant to ask whether the non-smokers *have* to be in those places. Nobody has to come to my dinner parties. Nobody has to have lunch with me in the little seminar room down the hall from my office. Nobody has to eat at such and such a restaurant. There are restaurants that do not permit smoking at all; there are restaurants that permit smoking only in certain areas. Far be it from me to complain about that: I am all in favor of a restaurant owner's being free to make such rules as he pleases. What I do complain about is the self-righteous, militant non-smoker who wants it made illegal to smoke anywhere in any restaurant. Is he dense? Does he just fail to notice that what he wants would be a gross infringement of liberty?

One more point on this matter of the harm we do. Our attention is often drawn to the fact that there are people whom we harm directly and immediately, not merely by increasing their risk of harm later, but *now*, by causing the most frightful symptoms in the present—watering eyes, wheezing, coughing, choking and retching. (The reader who has actually seen such an episode is invited to add to the list. I have never seen one, and so can't.) Well, we smokers are not villains; moreover, we are awfully edgy these days, easily moved to guilt. We wouldn't dream of smoking in the presence of such a person. But I do think it worth stressing that those people are of much less interest from a moral point of view than is commonly thought. There is a limit; and those people fall beyond it.

What I have in mind comes out by way of an analogy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suppose a man moves in next door to you, and it turns out he has a frightful ailment: the smell of coffee causes watering eyes, wheezing, coughing, choking, retching. Naturally he never makes coffee himself. But unfortunately he is so sensitive that *your* making it triggers the symptoms. (The smell leaks into his apartment through the ventilating system. Or it leaks into the hall, and from there into his apartment.) Do you have to give up coffee? Do you have to move? Would it make a difference if he were there before you moved in? Suppose he gets a job with the same company you work for; would you all have to give up coffee at work? Suppose he wants to participate in local government; does everybody in town have to give up coffee lest there be a smell of it in the air at town meeting? No and no and no. It would be generous in you and the others to do these things, but supererogatory. That is, it is not morally required of you to do them. *He* should make the necessary adjustments.

There is a limit to the extent to which we are mortgaged to each other. There is a limit to the extent to which we must rearrange our lives so as to avoid doing harm. The question that sets the limit is a fascinating one; it calls for much delicate moral thinking. I am sure that answering it would call (among other things) for looking at the various *ways* in which harm can be done, and what cost to ordinary living would be imposed by requiring harms not to be done in those ways. My point here is only that there *is* a limit, and that (whatever sets it) these especially peculiarly and susceptible people fall beyond it.

(4) "Think of the costs you impose on the rest of us—'costs' taken literally. Have you any idea how many medical bills your insurance company will pay when you finally come down with cancer of the lungs?" Very well; but please be consistent. That is, why do you say this only to me? Smokers are not the only people who engage in risky activities. Why don't you send reminders of the costs to mountain climbers? To people who sail small boats? (Have you any idea what it costs when the Coast Guard has to go out on a rescue?) To people who race motorcars? To people who pack the family in the car and drive away for Labor Day weekend. To people who overeat. To people who live in New York.

And most of these people don't *need* to engage in their risky activities. I never met a mountain climber who had to go out at 10 o'clock on a snowy night because he suddenly discovered he'd run out of mountains.

While we are on the subject of costs, two further points come to mind. In the first place, the militant non-smoker who wants smoking-related ailments cut from the insurance rolls would be in better faith if he also wanted smokers to get larger pensions. Poor woman smoker! Despite recent legal developments, women are still getting smaller pensions for equal contributions because women on the whole live longer than men; smokers, however, on the whole live shorter than non-smokers.

In the second place, we smokers really mind the heavy tax imposed on cigarettes. (The very thought of that tax tends to cause watering eyes, wheezing, coughing, choking, etc.) Why do you feel free to tax them so heavily? I haven't noticed anyone urging that comparable taxes be imposed on climbing gear, ski poles, small boats, or motorcycles. The answer is probably obvious enough; I'll come back to it in a moment.

(5) "Think what you are doing to your *body*!" There we have it, what I think is the source of most of the anger.

What is one to reply? I fancy the mysterious "You don't know the half of what I do to my body," and the cheerful "My body has done some frightful things to me—I'm just getting even with it." Unfortunately, the only right reply is the churlish "None of your business." One of the worst things about being a smoker nowadays is that one is so often forced to be churlish in just that way.

There are so many busybodies! We have a conception of how a person ought to live, and we want to see to it that people live as they ought. The fanatic will do whatever is necessary: "You'll lead a healthy life if I have to kill you!" The non-fanatic won't kill you; he'll just do his damndest to make the activity he disapproves of illegal if he can, and anyway expensive if he can't, and in general, a source of guilt.

I am not clear just precisely what it is about smoking that makes it seem incompatible with the good life. I thought for a long time that it was simply that the smoker harms himself. But something interesting happened lately which casts doubt on that hypothesis. What I have in mind is the wild public reaction produced by the announcement of one researcher's conclusion that *some* cigarettes may be safely smoked in moderation after all. "No!" people said. "False! Can't be true!" It may be that this reaction issued from nothing more interesting than intellectual inertia. (Changing your mind is hard work.) But it may be there is something more fundamental, a deeper source of objection, and that the non-smoker would object to smoking even if it harmed no one at all.

Consider hair dye. Large noise in the press when people discovered it causes cancer; no noise in the press when other people discovered it doesn't, or anyway

Next Week:

A Non-Smoker's Rebuttal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doesn't in the amounts anyone might reasonably be expected to use. Many people take a dim view of dyeing one's hair. I think they were pleased to hear it was harmful, but they don't mind if it isn't. (Maybe you haven't met any such people. They thrive in damp university towns such as the one I live in.) "It isn't *natural*," they say. "*Gray hair* is natural." And: "Why do you put that dirty stuff on your mouth and eyelashes?" And, getting into the swing of it: "How can you let your children eat hot dogs?" I had, myself, hoped that this tiresome echo of the 1960s would have dissipated (like smoke) by now; alas, it hasn't.

In any case, whatever the source of your concern for us may be, we smokers thank you for it. And one of these days, we really do mean to be chaste. But not yet! Could you please leave us alone in the meanwhile?

Judith Thomson

Judith Thomson teaches philosophy at MIT.

Most prices are already controlled but not by the government.

The Case for Controls

by Robert Lekachman

Last month in *The Wall Street Journal*, Herbert Stein, the conservative economist who reluctantly presided over Nixon price and wage controls in 1971 and afterwards, warned President Carter that he was poised upon the slippery downward path toward the same destination. Stein sketched a strong story line. Jawboning *a la* Robert Strauss will be a palpable fiasco, leading to "voluntary" guideposts or—in Carter administration newspeak—"standards" for allowable wage and price hikes. As the standards predictably become items of hooting and derision, various politicians eat their previous statements in the national interest and opt for mandatory powers over refractory corporations and unions. All that separates 1978 from 1971, Stein said, is a new control gimmick. This is TIP, short for tax-based incentive schemes which either promise rewards for good behavior (the Arthur Okun model) or impose tax penalties for inflationary conduct (the Henry Wallich-Sidney Weintraub variant). Otherwise, *plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose*. As expected, Stein's moral is: stop right here and turn back before it is too late.

I agree with Stein that controls are in our near future. Unlike him, I consider them potentially benign, if they are appropriately designed and judiciously applied. What follows then is a minority case for controls which, the pollsters report, are favored by a majority of the public, but opposed by business, labor, and most of my colleagues. It is well to start with a practical consideration. In the absence of credible executive action against inflation, the Federal Reserve will do its thing by raising interest rates so high and reducing monetary growth so severely that our aging business cycle recovery will sputter to a halt and give way to another recession. Ominous signs are numerous that the Fed has already embarked on just such a course. Although G. William Miller is younger, brisker, and shorter of wind than the canonized Arthur Burns, he is as much imprisoned by the anti-inflation ideology of central banking as any other Federal Reserve chairman.

The latest Congressional budget resolution, it is true, can be interpreted as a sign of fiscal restraint and an excuse for the Fed to control its anti-inflationary zeal. The projected 1979 fiscal year deficit, a mere $38.7 billion, is smaller both than the current deficit and the administration's projections for the coming year. Unfortunately today's inflation has more to do with cost-push pressures and external events than with excessive total demands for goods and services. It is simply not true that too many dollars (created by federal profligates) are chasing too few goods and services. Notwithstanding popular mythology about the inevitable connection between federal deficits and inflation, a truly balanced federal budget would moderate inflation only slightly. But it certainly would precipitate a sharp contraction and sickening unemployment rates.

Still something must be done about inflation. The omniscient pollsters, once more, report that it is the most pressing of public issues. Its impact resonates in the defeat of "big-spenders" like Representative Donald Fraser in Minnesota and "big taxers" like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Massachusetts's Governor Michael Dukakis. Continuing inflation is certain to cause the defeat in November of more liberals and more liberal legislation. Humphrey-Hawkins has become the victim of the new conservative mood stimulated by inflation.

The outlook is anything but cheerful. The second-quarter jump in the cost of living exceeded an annual rate of 10 pecent. Price increases seem to have moderated since then, but the pause is likely to be temporary. In 1979, a series of major labor contracts come up for renewal—petroleum refining in January, construction beginning in February, trucking at the end of March, rubber in April, clothing in May, electrical products in July, meatpacking in August, and autos and farm implements in September. These agreements cover nearly two million workers and exert a strong influence upon labor costs in the non-union sector. The outcome of teamster negotiations, applicable to over a half a million truck drivers, is especially important. There is not a hope in hell that any union would be allowed by its members to settle for an increase smaller than the current inflation rate plus something extra for gains, real or conjectural, in productivity.

As everybody including the Carter administration and the Fed fully realizes, unless the cost of living is somehow controlled in the next few months, a series of 1979 labor contracts will be negotiated at highly inflationary rates. In the waning months of 1978, the grim choices before the White House are a credible anti-inflation program or a presidential reelection campaign in the middle of a recession. Congressional fiscal restraint and Federal Reserve monetary policy manifestly are inadequate. All that is left is controls.

Are controls even worse than unemployment and inflation? Ask almost any economist and he or she will enthusiastically itemize the trade's bill of particulars against controls. The familiar litany goes like this. Controls rudely interfere with market haggling which generates prices and wage rates consistent with the intensity of consumer demand and the eagerness of sellers to fill it. When the customers are in an acquisitive mood, prices rise—as they should. When the merchants are hungry for sales, they slash prices and run legitimate sales—as they should. Shifting consumer tastes, changing relationships between the demand for and the supply of various skills and frequent innovations by profit-seeking business types all guarantee constant flux in myriads of individual prices. Nobody sets either prices or wage rates. They emerge from the interplay of consumers seeking to maximize their satisfactions and producers equally intent on maximizing profit, just as your introductory textbook explained these matters.

When the process works well, sellers respond alertly to the signals their customers emit. The latter evoke more supply when they buy unexpectedly large quantities. When consumers unexpectedly buy less than sellers hoped, retailers, wholesalers, and processors all reduce orders or output. The consumer is king or queen, caster of the dollar votes which enrich some businessmen and bankrupt others.

Into this competitive Eden enter the controllers equipped with a barrel of apples of discord. To set prices, wages or both is to design a multitude of regulations. As ever, hordes of bureaucrats are mobilized to compose, administer and interpret them. All bureaucracy is slow, cumbersome, inflexible and unimaginative, and public bureaucracies are the most club-footed of all. Before long, inequities begin to multiply. Evasion and black markets proliferate. At some point, controls break down as the inevitable consequence of public resentment, intolerable interferences in private decisions and sheer unworkability. The economy is set free, wages and prices explode and the net impact of the economy's temporary captivity is some alteration of the chronology of inflation—a bit less during the controls phase and a great deal more in its aftermath. In retrospect the Nixon controls were just successful enough in 1971 and 1972 to aid the reelection of their perpetrator. When they were drastically weakened, early in 1973, inflation resumed as though nothing had happened. Thus it has been since the days of Diocletian, that pioneer Roman price controller. Never has it been possible for very long, major wars alone excepted, to maintain effective controls in market economies.

If by chance controls do persist for years or decades, they defeat their own aims. In New York City, it is frequently claimed, the net effect of rent controls is rapid housing abandonment, sluggish construction of new apartments and inadequate maintenance of existing structures. Furthermore, rent control provides inadvertent subsidies to many lucky but unneedy middle-class tenants, among them the writer of this article, the mother of a former editor of this journal and others of our like. As I shall shortly suggest, there is another side to this story.

The case for controls is much stronger than the cynical argument that presidents, contemplating the next election in fear and trembling, tend to resort to them in preference to executive inaction which opens the door to recession and involuntary retirement to civilian life. The case *against* controls is premised on the prevalence of free competition. Only when prices and wages are the genuine product of individual preferences, competitively exerted by buyers and sellers, do markets really operate to widen individual choice, encourage innovation, reward efficiency, and punish sluggards.

But genuine price competition occurs only when sellers are too numerous to collude tacitly or overtly to avoid such rivalry. Unhappily a very large part of the American economy is otherwise arranged. In most

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

branches of manufacturing members of the *Fortune* honor roll—the mighty 500 largest corporations—play dominant roles. In 1977 the auto big three registered sales respectively of $55 billion, $19.2 billion and $7.7 billion. The tidy total, $81.9 billion, is about five percent of GNP. Who believes that General Motors, Ford, and Chrysler engage in classic price competition? As the universe is aware, General Motors has traditionally acted as the industry's price leader. Price leadership is commonplace in industries organized in large units.

These industries are numerous and important. The seven sisters of the energy industry—Exxon, Texaco, Mobil, Standard Oil of California, Gulf, Standard Oil of Indiana, and Shell are majestic presences not only in oil extraction, transportation, refining and marketing, but also in coal, shale, solar research and a variety of activities unrelated to energy. These "rivals" are intricately associated with each other in dozens of joint ventures.

IBM of course dominates computer technology and sales. General Electric and Westinghouse lead in consumer appliances and industrial equipment. Reynolds and Kaiser share the market for light metals. General Mills, Beatrice Foods, Ralston Purina, Borden, Coca Cola and General Foods are the princes of processed foods. And so on.

Market power is concentrated in finance as well as manufacturing. In 1977 our 50 largest commercial banks enjoyed deposits of $521.2 billion and loans of $380.7 billion. By themselves, the five leaders—Bank of America, Citicorp, Chase Manhattan, Manufacturers Hanover and J. P. Morgan—presided over deposits of $219.2 billion and loans of $162.3 billion.

As those who lack the green stuff need not be reminded, money is political as well as economic power. In 1974, when New York's big banks stopped marketing municipal bonds and notes, the city teetered on the edge of default. In 1978 New Yorkers continue to live with the consequences of this financial decision, among them several levels of supervision of city affairs exercised variously by the Secretary of the Treasury, the governor of the state, the Municipal Assistance Corporation and the Emergency Financial Control Board. Services are fewer, the streets are dirtier and treatment of the poor is meaner as a consequence of essentially private decisions by those who wield great power. In its reluctant approval last summer of loan guarantees, Congress extended outside supervision of the New York budget for as long as 19 years.

Huge assets are similarly concentrated in the coffers of the larger life insurance companies. Last year the assets of the top fifty totaled $278.1 billion. As usual, in the land of giants, the tallest half dozen tower over their fellows. Prudential, Metropolitan, Equitable, New York Life, John Hancock and Aetna registered balance-sheet assets of $155.2 billion, substantially more than half of the sum for the 50 leaders. These massive organizations (dare I call them bureaucracies?) make investment decisions of tremendous community import. A discreet policy of redlining "changing" neighborhoods (read increasingly black and Hispanic) accelerates deterioration, discourages local merchants and white residents and brings to pass the prophecy of decline implicit in the original redlining decision.

At the risk of becoming tedious, I must add a word about public utilities. ATT is seven times the size of General Telephone & Electronics, number two. Blessed as it is by profits of $4.5 billion, assets in excess of $94 billion and nearly a million employees, no wonder that ATT has won most of its contests with state and federal regulators. Even New York's warmly despised Con Ed ranked seventh in 1977 with assets of $6.8 billion and profits of $323.6 billion, blackout or no blackout.

I recite these dreary statistics in reiteration of a single, simple point. Over a broad expanse of the American economy, price competition is a myth. In 1974 and 1975, two bad years for auto sales, GM and its friendly rivals *raised* prices about $1000 per chariot. This year when the appreciation of the mark and the yen substantially increased the dollar prices of Volkswagens, Toyotas, Datsuns and Hondas, the American companies did not gratefully seize a chance to enlarge the domestic share of the rapidly growing subcompact market. Instead in the wake of each German or Japanese price advance, domestic producers raised their own prices. Somewhat similar events have occurred in steel. Over the years the companies have raised prices, lost customers to foreign producers and substitute materials, and screamed successfully for federal help. The Carter administration's trigger price system, welfare for the mighty, has allowed domestic prices and profits to rise and thus done its bit to exacerbate inflation.

These market strategies may be either intelligent or stupid from the standpoint of managers and stockholders. Here the relevant, crucial fact is the sheer capacity of a very few human beings at the head of a small number of huge private enterprises to choose pricing policies capable of either promoting or diminishing inflation. GM's Thomas Murphy might have decided to sell more units at lower average prices and unit profits. He opted for fewer units at higher prices. For all I know (or Mr. Murphy knows), this was the right way to maximize long-run profits. No one can be sure. But the process of decision is far removed from textbook expositions of how prices emerge from the interplay of supply and demand. These prices "emerge" from the deliberate meditations of a very few people. Even the textbooks concede that the normal effects of oligopoly include higher prices, smaller output and larger marketing and advertising expenditures than their parallels in competitive markets.

In passing, I should properly salute another sacred cow. Americans revere both the oldest antitrust statutes in the universe *and* the large corporations whose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conduct they ostensibly monitor. As Thurman Arnold persuasively argued four decades ago, the major function of the Sherman and Clayton Acts is the rendition of occasional ceremonial exorcisms of monopoly that reassure the gullible and allow conglomerates to spread and multinationals to proliferate. The antitrust division of the Department of Justice celebrated a famous triumph over the oil trust—in 1911. Things have not gone so well since then. The late

If antitrust is a farce, inflation is a permanent menace, fiscal and monetary policy are demonstrably incapable of combining reasonably full employment with acceptable price behavior and deep recession is politically and socially unacceptable therapy, there isn't much left except some kind of incomes policy. No wonder then that so many countries on so many occasions have ignored their economists and installed social contracts (Great Britain), price controls (Sweden), combinations of wage and price controls (the usual American preference) or national wage settlements implicitly combined with price restraint (the Netherlands and West Germany).

Our choice in 1978 and 1979 is between a good and a bad set of controls. Good controls begin with recognition that concentration of economic power, an apparently permanent characteristic of advanced industrial societies, requires an equally durable political response. President Carter ought to seek and Congress ought to grant power in appropriate circumstances to impose price controls, wage controls or both. In a democracy government can appropriately refrain from regulation of the private sector only in those industries where competition genuinely disperses economic power. In the 50 percent or more of the economy dominated by large units, substitution of public price standards for private ones is a gain in political accountability. Voters routinely evict politicians who bungle. Against private price controllers they have no practical recourse.

Controls must be equitable if widespread resistance, evasion and active sabotage are to be averted. In current conditions, there is an excellent case for accepting George Meany's challenge. Still brooding over the injustices of Nixon controls, Mr. Meany has consistently insisted that before unions can fairly be expected to restrain their demands for wage improvement, sellers must first display appropriate price discipline. Despite much political propaganda to the contrary, union settlements up to now have been generally moderate, the special case of the miners aside. Even strong unions have done little more than keep abreast of the cost of living. The Carter administration, whose relations with the unions are strained, could do worse than opt for price controls and proceed to wage controls only if price controls fail to evoke good union behavior.

Sensible controls are selective, not universal. Nixon's efforts to regulate retail prices were ill-advised on at least three grounds. They required a huge bureaucracy for effective enforcement. They generated much resentment, especially in the hearts of small merchants, crushed by new paperwork. Worst of all, they were unnecessary. With only a few exceptions, retailing is a genuinely competitive activity. Here the general case in favor of free markets and against controls contains merit. Controls ought to be applied to the concentrated sectors in which very large private bureaucracies operate major economic units. The numbers of such units are small enough to be supervised by a control bureaucracy quite modest in size.

Here it is appropriate to return briefly to rent controls. If the New York experience of them has been one of exemplary horror, why are an increasing number of other communities reimposing or thinking of reimposing these dreadful devices? For partisans of "free" markets, the explanation is unpleasant. It is the fact that the construction industry has lamentably failed to provide anything like the needed quantities of low and moderate price housing, privately owned or rental. The average price of a home today is $63,000, and it is rising one percent monthly. This means only the top fifth of the income distribution can really afford to buy a home. Now, a combination of cash allowances for low-income families and publicly financed modestly priced apartments and homes is certainly preferable to controls on grounds of both equity and efficiency. But with all their inequities and inefficiencies, controls seem preferable to a "free market" in real estate without these added elements which do not seem to be in prospect. Thus the cry for controls is likely to increase in intensity wherever—as in health and housing—markets fail to deliver the goods.

Ours is an inflationary world. Controls over concentrated industries, and activities like construction and health where market failure is glaring will drain only some inflation out of the American or any other economy. Harvest failures enlarge farm exports to the Russians, the Chinese and the Africans. Supermarket prices rise. Frost destroys the coffee harvest in Brazil. OPEC plans to respond to the inflation which it helped mightily to stimulate by raising 1979 prices. We are increasingly entangled in a world economy and affected by our currency and trading connections with friends, enemies and neutrals.

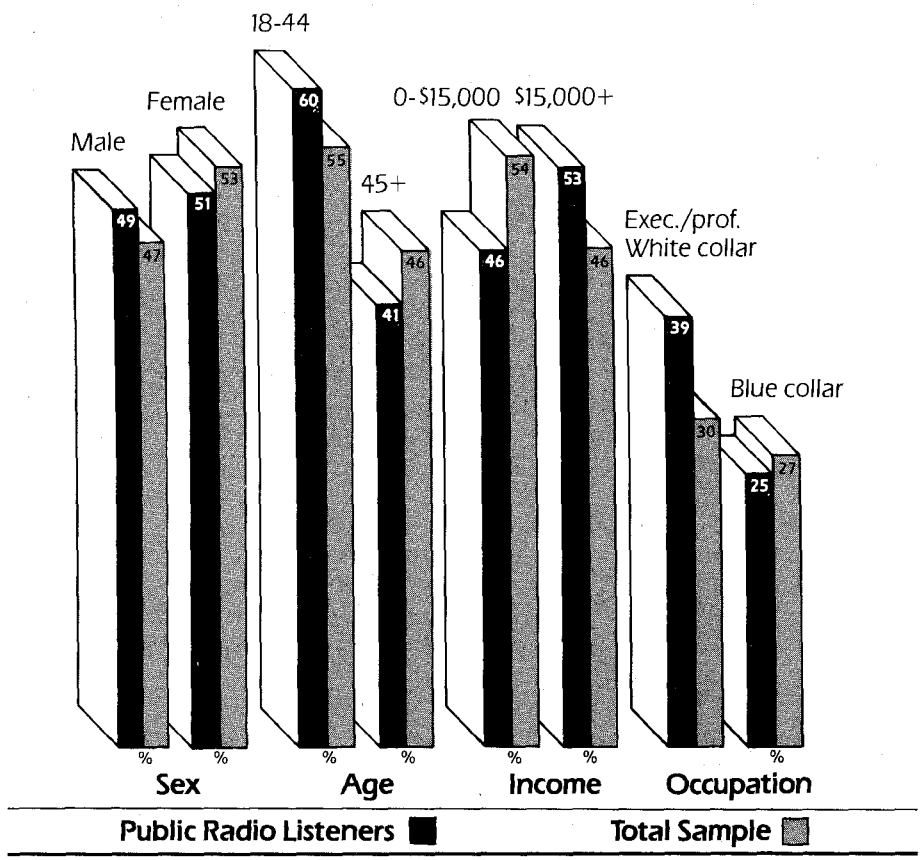
Controls are no panacea. Nevertheless, some restraint of inflation is preferable to none or very little. In the modern world, the giant corporation, usually global in scope, is the successor to the Holy Roman Church of the Middle Ages and the national state which followed it. Corporate decisions affect all of us far too intimately to allow of private autonomy.

Candidate Carter had it right when he opted for standby controls. President Carter has it wrong in opposing such controls now. He should make a meal of his more recent instead of his earlier utterances.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL RE:PUBLIC RADIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This graph is misleading.

Oh, the figures are correct. They come from a recent survey conducted by the Roper Organization. We wanted to compare **National Public Radio's** listening audience to that of the national profile. What we found were only minor variations. For instance, **NPR** attracts more men, and our audience is generally much younger than you might expect. There are also a few surprises in the occupational group. But, on the whole, there are no dramatic differences.

That's why the graph may be misleading.

It would have you believe that people listen to **National Public Radio** the same way they do any other radio service. That just isn't true. **NPR** listeners do not think of us as just background sound. They have switched to **NPR** because their tastes are as diverse as our programming.

What the chart on this page does **not** show you is that some of these statistics represent jazz buffs, as well as opera fans, folk festival advocates, and a lot of people who rate our brand of news and public affairs are among the best information sources in the country. But whether it's opera or news, drama or documentaries, our listeners know that **National Public Radio** provides them with the finest in sound perception.

Everyone listens to radio, and more and more people are discovering public radio every day. All kinds of people. People with one thing in common. People who have found that **National Public Radio** programs support their concern and involvement with all aspects of their local and national communities. They have discovered that public radio is the personal, portable, immediate medium suited to today's lifestyle, and that **NPR** designs programming to respond to their individual needs.

One definition of "public" is, "of, relating to, or affecting all the people." That in itself is a good reason for calling our network of 215 member stations **National Public Radio.** The principal direction of our programming is toward those issues, people, and questions that do, indeed, affect all Americans.

Our programs make us unique. That's the way our audience likes it. We intend to keep it that way.

After all, our middle name **is** "public."

If you'd like more information about National Public Radio, our programs and plans for the future, write to
NPR
Dept. L
2025 M St., NW
Washington, DC 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Double Death

A speculative subject for a film-school seminar in criticism: Describe Claude Chabrol's dreams. Almost all of this prolific French director's output has been awash in blood—not horror-film blood or gangster-film blood but family or sexual murder. Let's call it domestic blood. Does he dream of new ways to film murder? Does he smile in his sleep? It's possible, because he is as lithe and graceful, as innocent in his film-making, as a dolphin leaping in the sea. The only trouble with this dolphin is that, sometimes when blood makes him leap, he comes down on a rock. As now.

The misfire in *Violette* (Gaumont/New Yorker) is in a misperception of the center of his script. It's based on the life of Violette Nozière, a French girl celebrated (that's the word) in the 1930s for the murder of her father and the attempted murder of her mother. She became a heroine of the surrealists, had poems written about her (Eluard among others), was sentenced to die, had her sentence commuted to life imprisonment, and was finally pardoned by, of all people, de Gaulle when he was president. The film tells her story up to the imprisonment, but it misses the two elements that might have made it register, both of which are clear in my favorite Chabrol film, *Landru* (*TNR*, April 27, '63). We are not made to feel *with* Violette so that we participate in her acts; she is not "placed" so that we can see her as a product of contemporary disorders.

As for the first, the real Violette said that her father had raped her when she was thirteen and ever since had repeatedly forced her to have intercourse with him. Nothing like that in the film: just a few lickerish glances by dad at her breasts. What we see is merely the teenage daughter of poor parents, living with them in a very cramped Paris apartment, sleeping in the one room other than the parents' bedroom, having to listen to them whack away in bed every night, setting herself up in a secret separate apartment where by day she entertains lovers of her own. She pays the rent, not by prostitution, as some think, but by blackmailing a rich man, her real father, who once had a fling with her mother. Violette is shown to be stupid, selfish, and, until she falls in love, rather lazily sensual instead of consumed, a girl who gives new meaning to the old word "slut."

She contracts syphilis. She poisons her parents with pills that she tells them are medicine the doctor prescribed to protect them. When she comes home and finds them both stretched on the floor—where she put them—Violette throws up. All I could think was: Poor kid.

As for the second matter, Chabrol simply tacks on some lines at the end to say that Violette was taken up by the lit'ry set. The reasons are not inferable. One can understand the "popularity" of Landru, who reasoned that his method of supporting his beloved family—bogus marriages, then murder of the rich wives—was no more wicked than the First War that people around him were cheering. Violette is not much more than an animal and, like animals, utterly libidinous. Poets hailed her as some sort of symbol of Absurdity. Not shown. But then French intellectuals like to find point in pointless or insane murder. In the early 1960s Nico Papatakis made a film called *Les Abysses* (*TNR*, Dec. 12, '64), a skillful but merely clinical film about the Papin sisters, the murder case that was the inspiration for Genet's *The Maids*. Genet's play may be the best example we have of the Artaudian theater of cruelty, a marvelous work; but Papatakis's film deals only with the raw source. It was nonetheless hailed as a tragic masterwork by Sartre, Beauvoir, Breton, and others. On Chabrol's evidence, Violette-as-surrealist is equally farfetched.

Chabrol has said that he made this film in what he takes to be 1930s style, with no latter-day technical devices like zoom lenses, that he would have made it in black-and-white except that this would have limited the take. I don't quite see how his rather convoluted modern playing with time in the structure of *Violette* conforms to this traditional 1930s intent, still in terms of sheer control, the picture is in the palm of his hand.

The beautiful Stéphane Audran (Madame Chabrol) gives the most interesting performance, as the working-class mother—if one has seen her in her customary soigné roles. Jean Carmet, the girl's father in the underrated *Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full*, is all right as the girl's father here. A greater mystery to me than the import of Violette herself is the success of Isabelle Huppert who plays the girl. She played the quasi-catatonic heroine of *The Lacemaker* a few years ago and impressed many, including Chabrol. She plays the quasi-catatonic Violette more or less the same way—allowing for some moments of adoration of her lover. I think that what we are supposed to see in Huppert is a self-generative film icon in the making, the kind of performer whose presence, more than talent, stimulates the imagination. Well, not mine. It happens for me with, say, Alain Delon because his "mask" seems *arrived* at, a mastery of things he is thinking and

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. Ingmar Bergman at near-best. Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann as contesting mother and daughter are excellent.

The Buddy Holly Story. Pleasant biography of singer-composer. Despite rock and sad ending, some feeling of Harold Lloyd.

Girlfriends. Claudia Weill's first film. New York women today. Truth and talent vitalize familiar material.

Go Tell the Spartans. Vietnam 1964. Not free of war-movie touches, but it really is about that war.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feeling. Huppert strikes me as blank, or at most petty. The matter is worsened because, as her lover, Chabrol has cast Jean-François Garreaud, who is presumably seen as a new Delon. Nix.

From murder as surrealist act, failed to murder as comedy, failed. *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?* (Warner Bros.) is one more attempt to get fun out of homicide, an idea that sometimes succeeds but doesn't here because the script lacks focus, brightness, and pace, and the direction limps along after it.

Peter Stone, who has been leaning heavily on allegedly high-spirited scripts ever since *Charade* and *Father Goose* 15 years ago, continues his thumby way with this screenplay from a novel by Nan and Ivan Lyons. The central idea is a series of murders of famous chefs in London, Venice, and Paris. The leading characters are a famous American pastry chef, Jacqueline Bisset; her ex-husband, a US fast-food tycoon, George Segal; and the editor of an English gourmet magazine—Robert Morley—which, to judge by his residence and offices, costs $100 a copy and sells more than *Time*.

The first 20 minutes or so are racked on that old gambit, so painful when clumsy, of getting across a lot of necessary information while pretending to be only brisk chat. Throughout the script, the dialogue between Bisset and Segal—the tiresome pursuit and rejection that we know must end in reunion—is written like romantic banter on the 1930s *Grand Hotel* and *First Nighter* radio series. Anyway, any possibility of fun dies with the first victim. We see a *nuit d'amour* between Bisset and the London chef, Jean-Pierre Cassel, with much of his body on display. Next morning she goes downstairs to his restaurant kitchen and finds his body broiled in an oven. She opens the door and a charred arm flops out. Goodbye, comedy. Nothing can really be very amusing after that, though Bisset is blithe and sexy again in about four minutes.

Oh, I forgot—I was dismayed before that. Cassel is working away in his kitchen when a rival chef intrudes. They quarrel and start to fling food at one another. The words "Rummage Sale" appear invisibly on the screen. Can there have been a year from 1896 to the present that had no film comedy with that sequence?

Ted Kotcheff, the director, whose past misses include *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and *Fun with Dick and Jane*, lacks a private personal indicator of what is and isn't funny. George Segal, who worked with him in *Dick and Jane*, is the ebullient young American hero, about as ebulliently young these days as the cast of *Grease* is *echt* high-school. Jacqueline Bisset, lovely and gifted, is looking a bit worn. By the pictures she chooses, no doubt. Robert Morley gives us the dark side of his British Airways self.

Oh, and the picture insults Italy—with fictitious stereotypes about Italian male behavior.

The Novelists

Amos Oz

Kibbutz Hulda lies at the feet of the Judean hills, about 30 miles southwest of Jerusalem. Amos Oz lives there with his wife and three children. He teaches literature at the high school of the kibbutz, and he writes. At age 39 he has published six novels and many short stories, which have been translated into 15 languages and have won international acclaim. He modestly calls himself "a story teller." His latest book is *The Hill of Evil Counsel* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95).

Even though we agreed beforehand to conduct the interview in English, we talked in Hebrew. We speak of writers and their working habits. The English translation is mine.

A.O. I cannot speak of writers in general because every *meshuga* [a madman] has his own method, and I only know some of the extremes. Thomas Mann's wife tells in her memoirs that he used to sit like an apothecary in his pharmacy and write before breakfast, and she would count the number of pages that he wrote before feeding him—he was a reluctant writer. On the other hand there is Dostoevski who used to lock himself up in a room and write till he either fainted or had an epileptic fit. He didn't eat, he didn't drink, but wrote, and wrote, and wrote. Agnon, they say, used to balance himself on a bottle, and write standing in front of a writing stand. I don't know if this is true, but there is such a legend, and the legend makes it true. Brener [an early 20th-century Hebrew writer] used to write lying on the floor. All angles are possible.

N.R. Didn't Brener himself describe how he wrote on the floor?

A.O. One of his heroes, an author, did, and the question is whether this is autobiographical. It probably is, but again, it does not matter. The legend stands on its own. Someday I may publish a practical guide: "One Hundred and One Creative Positions." It will be a sensation and all the foolish students of creative writing will read it. Like the *Kama Sutra*. But to get back to my own work, if I can speak in terms of sculpting, what usually happens is this: somewhere, in a mountain, I see a huge rock. The first stage is when I go to the mountain and remove this large rock from its place, and drag it here, to my studio. Then I can work 18 or 20 hours a day. I can run away from home to the end of the world, and sit and write. This is the crude stage, and when it is over I might discover that I have two or three thousand badly written pages. And then I take a chisel and I begin chipping and removing. At this stage I can work neatly, for a few hours a day, and I chip and chip, trying to get out of the rock what I saw in it, when it was still lying in the mountain. Often, the rock breaks in the middle, and gets thrown into the junk pile. I discard more books than I publish, there are more miscarriages or abortions than live births. If I succeed, and after months or years of chiseling I get as close as I can get to the form I desired to shape, then I reach the stage where I sit with a magnifying glass, tinkering, like a watchmaker, an hour here, an hour there. Should the comma come before or after the adjective? Should there be two adjectives, or maybe none? The differences are so minute that no one would notice them, and at this stage I feel a lot of self-pity. Anyone who saw the sculptor lugging the rock from the mountain, or saw the

This is the first of a series of interviews with and essays about some of the leading novelists of our day which will be appearing irregularly in future issues.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chiseler cutting furiously away, would not believe that it is the same person as the watchmaker who sits with a little Chinese smile on his face, removing or adding a particle. And since I don't have a mirror here, I cannot even see myself, which is lucky.

N.R. I would like to ask you something else about your writing. Trying to discover the author in his characters is one of the favorite games of people who read novels. I know that you grew up in Kerem Avraham [a suburb of Jerusalem] and went to Tahkemoni [an Orthodox school in Jerusalem]. I could not help but wonder if Yoram Kamnitzer, who gets thrown out of Tahkemoni for publishing a love poem in My Michael, *is really Amos Klausner-Oz. You both left home for a kibbutz at about the same age.*

A.O. Yoram and all other men, women, and children in my books have parts of me. Even if I wrote of a Tartar invasion of South America, it would still be an autobiographical novel. A description is not necessarily a photograph. It is a process more like photosynthesis. The apple does not at all resemble the earth, the water, or the sun. So I don't think one should look for the author in a particular hero or character. But I know you would do that anyway.

I came to Hulda at 15 through an upheaval. I grew up in a right-wing Zionist family, in a house filled with books. My father was an expert on comparative literature, an author of scholarly books, a city man, an academic man, a man of the middle class by his own definition. And like every good Zionist he wanted his offspring to be at least two things: Nimrod the Hunter and the saintly Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav. In other words, a tough, blond, powerful Sabra, who if attacked would hit back twice as hard—an uncomplicated man. Yet he should also carry the Jewish genius, and bring honor to the family. When I rebelled against the books, references, and footnotes which filled the house, I went to live in a kibbutz—to become a peasant-soldier. In the end, when I look at myself, I am doing exactly what my father wanted me to do. In the kibbutz I look like one of the members, and yet I follow my forefathers. I deal with words. My escape was a full circle.

N.R. Did you ever live on another kibbutz?

A.O. No, I have lived in Hulda since I was 15, except for three years in the army, two years at Hebrew University, a year as a Visiting Fellow at St. Cross College at Oxford, and a few months here and there.

N.R. What has been the reaction to your books in the kibbutz? Especially to Elsewhere, Perhaps *which describes life on a kibbutz a bit cynically?*

A.O. What I like about this place is getting a whole spectrum of opinions. Starting with people who say about *Elsewhere, Perhaps* and other books:

Amos Oz by Herbert Mitgang

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" and ending with those who say: "Ah, finally someone is telling the truth!" Because the level of the readers in the kibbutz is so varied, their reactions fascinate me more than those of the literary milieu. I have a friend here who claims that he always combs his hair before passing by my window and entering my field of vision, so that in case he gets into one of my books, he should get in with his hair combed!

N.R. In both "Crusade" and Touch the Water, Touch the Wind *you use Europe as the background. I feel that when you write about Israel, it is somehow more real. Is that a fair question?*

A.O. It is fair to ask. It would not be fair for me to argue with your feelings. But it is also fair to say this: aren't we all made up of lullabies, grandmothers' tales, family legends, and fairy tales? Of landscapes and adventures that we carry in our genes? Mine are European, and I am neither proud nor ashamed of it. This is my birth before birth. My parents used to speak with a mixture of longing and fear about the beautiful countries in which they grew up. They hoped that some day Jewish Jerusalem too would become a real city. It took me years to understand that by "real city" they meant a place with a cathedral, a river, and thick forests. So for me Europe is not a tourist site. I have never written about the United States even though I spent almost as much time there as in Europe. Some French critics for example, reacting to "Crusade," wrote in great astonishment of the clarity of the description of the landscape, from the Rhone lands to northern Italy. I have been to Paris, but I never traveled along the route of my Crusaders.

N.R. So how did you do it? From books? From your imagination?

A.O. The genes did it, and the guts. The genes start singing. I went to Europe for the first time, and I saw one or two cathedrals, and some Gothic buildings, and the genes began to sing. And all the genetic fears of church bells, of snow, of deep forests, were there. The fear and the attraction, and longing and fascination, and fairy tales and grandmother's stories. I knew what they meant when they spoke of fir trees and wolves, although I only saw a fir tree for the first time when I was 30.

N.R. The only forest we knew in Jerusalem as children was in Tel Arza—pines, and boulders, and sunshine.

A.O. It was a little plantation of pine-tree saplings, hardly trees. Yet when we were small this was a forest. And all other forests that we shall ever see will only be imitations, replicas, second or third imprints of that original one. None will ever be as deep or as thick, because it was the first forest we knew.

N.R. I had problems with the Jerusalem of My Michael *until I understood that it had to be a cold city as the background to Hannah's unhappiness. It could not be a sunny, beautiful city.*

A.O. The definitions in the question, Nitza, are your responsibility, 'cold,' 'beautiful.' But I agree that the Jerusalem in *My Michael* is Hannah's Jerusalem. The cold, the house, the stones, even the Arabs in the book—they are but shapes of Jerusalem through Hannah. Otherwise I would have written a tourist's guide, not a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novel. I try to see Jerusalem from different angles. I have written other stories about Jerusalem.

N.R. Like all authors, you sometimes have a recurring theme like the sexual fantasies of Geula in the story "The Nomads and the Viper," and Hannah's in My Michael.

A.O. Perhaps, I never deal with this. I leave it for the critics and researchers. But if your question is 'do I repeat myself?' the answer is yes. Even writers somewhat greater than I am, say Tolstoy, have only one story which they "attack" from all sides, trying to reach the crux of the matter. Don't ask me now [Oz switches to English]: what is your crux of the matter? What I am trying to reach is my own turmoil. The nearer I get to it the better I write. I know there is something that perhaps you saw in my stories. The people I write about actually want two different things: peace and excitement, excitement and peace. These two different things don't get along very easily, so when people have peace, they hate it and long for excitement, and when they have excitement, they want peace. This goes all the way back to when we are very little. We wake up in the morning and we want to be taken to the zoo, and see the funny animals, and the scary animals, and the strange animals, and then we get there and get all the excitement we want, and we get hot, and tired, and overworked, and we want to go back home and pull the drapes and shut the curtains, and go to bed and have Mother watch over us. To throw in a political cliché, we want peace and security.

So peace and excitement, excitement and peace, are there in each and every one of my stories. The Crusader-Count is going all the way to Jerusalem, killing and slaughtering. He is aching to get through excitement—into peace. The same goes for that housewife in a Jerusalem suburb, Michael's Hannah.

N.R. In one of your stories, Geula and a young author exchange ideas about literature. This is my translation from the Hebrew: "Her harsh sentences confuse and humble me. She does not like my stories because of the extreme polarization of the situations and the people. Like light and darkness, they know no in-between." Do you think that way about your characters?

A.O. She does, that girl, Geula, does. If she thinks that way it is her judgment. I am not God Almighty. The characters in my stories do very much what they want to.

N.R. I know that you work very closely with your English translator, Nicholas de Lange. I read most of your works in both Hebrew and English, and often, when reading the English version, I would forget that it was a translation.

A.O. I wish you would put these words on paper and send them off to Nicholas de Lange, because the critics and the reviewers tend to speak about the quality of the language in my fiction, and forget about the translation. Nicholas has the right ideas about translation—he is often unfaithful in order to be loyal. In translation sometimes the only way to be loyal is to be unfaithful. I would have chosen him as my translator even if he did not know a word of Hebrew. He will sit with me and explain every word and idiom to me. The English translation is the only one which can hurt me. My books have been translated into 15 other languages, and I don't mind. A Japanese translation can't hurt me.

N.R. When you spoke at Harvard last spring you talked about the differences between Hebrew and English. I was struck by what you said but I can't remember the exact words.

A.O. I don't remember the exact words either, but I do think that contemporary Hebrew is like a volcano in action, very much like Elizabethan English. One can still legislate within the language, create new forms. Now I suppose some people can still afford to do this in contemporary English, but they would not dare do it, whereas Hebrew asks for it. Hebrew is a wild, young girl, and contemporary English is an elderly lady with whom you cannot take too many liberties.

N.R. My last question, which I guess is inevitable, is, do you want to talk about what you are currently working on?

A.O. No, it's a superstition.

Nitza Rosovsky

Nitza Rosovsky was born and brought up in Jerusalem. She is at work on a book, *Jerusalemwalks.*

Books by Amos Oz
Elsewhere, Perhaps
Touch the Water, Touch the Wind
Unto Death
My Michael
The Hill of Evil Counsel

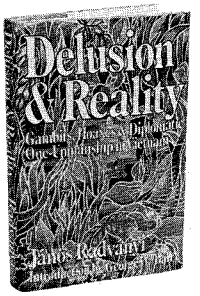
"What happened at Selma was an American tragedy. The blows that were received, the blood that was shed, the life of the good man that was lost, must strengthen the determination of each of us to bring full and equal and exact justice to all of our people."—President Lyndon Baines Johnson, March 13, 1965

Protest at Selma

Martin Luther King, Jr., and the Voting Rights Act of 1965
David J. Garrow
Illus. $15.00

Yale University Press
New Haven and London

"A rare and fascinating insider's view of Russian, East European and Chinese roles in the Vietnam War . . . the author sheds considerable new light on Sino-Soviet relations, Soviet foreign policy (and) matters of internal Soviet politics."
—Donald S. Zagoria, *Foreign Affairs*



DELUSION & REALITY:
Gambits, Hoaxes & Diplomatic One-upmanship in Vietnam
Janos Radvanyi
Introduction by George W. Ball

GATEWAY EDITIONS
South Bend, Indiana 46624

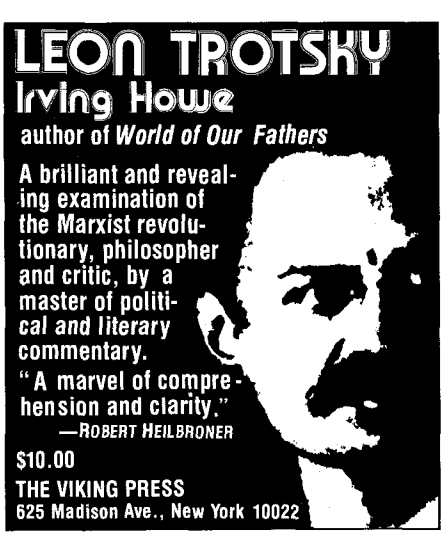
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Considered

Man and Technology
by Edward G. Ballard
(Duquesne University Press; $12.50)

The Illusion of Technique
by William Barrett
(Anchor Press/Doubleday; $12.95)

Machines: do they liberate or enslave? Words galore have poured out, doubtless, on and around this question, though not many of them by mainstream philosophical writers, at least in English. Fifteen, perhaps even 10, years ago, the question: are minds machines, or conversely: do computers think? was much debated in some circles. But, on its own, that was rather a revival, encouraged by work in artificial intelligence and cybernetics, of the old theme of *l'homme machine*. To ask: "are we machines?" is both less sweeping, and more theoretical, than to ask what the machines we make may do to us. The latter question is a practical, some think an urgent, one; and heaven forbid that philosophy should in any way touch on *real* problems! That's not quite fair, perhaps, since lately some philosophers, largely in response to problems of biological technology, have begun to busy themselves with "bioethics"; they even advise engineers about "humanizing" their curricula. (That's where the grants are!) Yet even in those more clearly "applied" areas, the best-trained philosophers seem to me in the main to argue, even about ethical questions, in a manner totally cut off from the real world. For the most part (there *are* honorable exceptions), they work with two instruments: a tweezers and a space ship. The game is to take somebody's argument, or segment of arguments, *in vitro*, tease it carefully to bits, and refute it by the use of science-fiction counterexamples. Rule 1: never listen to anyone in context; rule 2: never adduce examples from the real world, or even from literature as long as it's literature that connects with life.


LEON TROTSKY
Irving Howe
author of World of Our Fathers
A brilliant and revealing examination of the Marxist revolutionary, philosopher and critic, by a master of political and literary commentary.
"A marvel of comprehension and clarity."
—ROBERT HEILBRONER
$10.00
THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Ave., New York 10022

So far as I know, the one major 20th-century philosopher who has written about the global problem of technology and its influence on human beings is Martin Heidegger. And by now Heidegger has indeed won in this country a small but articulate circle of disciples. In fact, both the authors reviewed here have come under his influence—to very different effect, as we shall see.

At first sight they have a lot in common. They belong to the same generation, as does this reviewer. (It's almost like a small reunion: philosophy graduate students of the thirties!) They have both read, and taught, and thought about or through continental philosophy, in particular Heidegger and in Ballard's case, I would guess from this text, just as deeply Husserl. They both work in places far from the center of current philosophical activity; for to judge from Barrett's book, Washington Square is certainly no less remote from the intellectual navel of earth than are the bayous of Louisiana. Indeed, Ballard shows much more evidence than Barrett of having followed some of the recent philosophical literature—on the above-mentioned mind-machine dispute, for example. Further, of course, and hence this pairing of them for review, they are both professional philosophers concerned to grapple with the problem of human being in a technological age.

There the resemblance ends. *Man and Technology*, with a straightforward title that might indeed offend some of my "sisters" (though I'm too old to mind; indeed I have no objection to being called chairman, of a department, of a professional meeting or what you will—and much prefer that to being addressed as a piece of furniture!)—*Man and Technology* is quietly published by a rather undistinguished university press. *The Illusion of Technique*, with a catchier soubriquet, ecstatic blurbs on the jacket, and a pre-publication rave review in a popular weekly, is brought out by an energetic commercial house. Those are only surface differences; yet they're distressing when set beside the more fundamental difference between the two. Let me put that difference first in general and then say a little more about each book.

Ballard's essay records the effort of an honest and serious thinker to wrestle systematically with a fundamental problem. It is short, clearly and soberly written, without frills, presenting a sustained inquiry that holds the reader's unflagging attention whether in assent or—as was often the case with this reviewer—in respectful disagreement. A novelist friend of mine was delighted when her editor called her recently completed manuscript a "page-turner." *Man and Technology* is that rare entity, a philosophical page-turner. One can scarcely put it down. It *gets* to one, somewhat as does a piece, say, like Wittgenstein's *Über Gewissheit*. Here is someone thinking hard and sharing his thought with us.

What about Barrett? On the whole, a pompous fraud. He writes overrhetorically. (So do I, my reader may remark, even in this review. But it takes a thief—.) Nor is his rhetoric sustained: he flies into the cerulean blue, lapses into vulgarity, gives us pieces of stock history of philosophy, interspersed with bathetic sermonizing. The book reads like accumulated lecture notes, some of them, in particular on Heidegger, obviously very successful with undergraduates. But even that show—an everyday day with Heidegger, Morning, Noon and Night (isn't it just too clever?)—is *only* a show. Barrett doesn't know what to do with it. And the "erudition" his admirers credit him with is striking chiefly by its absence: the book is cluttered with every kind of misleading statement, from factual errors that could easily have been avoided to gross philosophical blunders.

I may substantiate these rather sweeping claims by some examples from the two works. Both authors, I said, show traces of their academic upbringing. In Barrett's case, it's rather

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

funny: I can hear echoes of the slovenly training and callow opinions of my own youth. Yes, we read *Principia Mathematica*, or at least worked our way through part of it, and we read Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* in a daze. Except for getting up his Heidegger act, Barrett seems to have noticed little since. He has read late Wittgenstein, and takes Wittgenstein on mathematics especially seriously. But when he announces that the confidence in the power of mathematical logic in philosophy "has very largely waned among philosophers today," one can hardly believe one's ears. Where has he been all these years? Logic is by now a discipline so vastly and divergently developed that *PM* looks like a small, if historic, stage on its way. And the prestige of logic in philosophical circles is immense. But Barrett is in such haste to set down his jejune equation of logic=technique=technology that perhaps he doesn't notice what he says. His reading of the *Tractatus* in the service of this identity is certainly disastrous: he takes that work, as the Vienna Circle itself did, as founding logical positivism, and the one line he quotes (1.21), he simply renders without so much as glancing at the thorny problems connected with Wittgensteinian *Tatsachen* ("facts") and *Sachverhalten* ("states of affairs"). He makes a bow, indeed to Wittgenstein's mysticism, but Wittgenstein as philosopher of logic is simply exploited for the sake of a cheap and silly fable: Russell, Whitehead and Wittgenstein as the trio who founded mathematical logic and then diverged philosophically, thus proving that logic=technique=technology is not sufficient to determine a philosopher's development. In this tale, moreover, there are only two passing references to Frege; it's as if modern logic had sprung full-born from the heads of Russell and Whitehead, with Wittgenstein as spectator. But Frege had sent Wittgenstein to Russell, and Russell himself makes quite plain in *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy* the role of Frege in the growth of formal logic. Carnap once remarked, in fact, that logic began in 1893 with the first volume of Frege's major work. And by now it is common knowledge that Frege is the philosophical genius from whose thought the genius of Wittgenstein took its first inspiration.

So far I have been talking about the strangely antiquated, as well as inaccurate, argument of Part I, "Technique." Then—hold your breath—comes Heidegger, who will (almost) save us: Part II, "Being." Here Barrett borrows from his now somewhat clay-footed idol the confrontation of the *Technik* that damns with the *Being* that may yet save. There is an uncomfortable gap in Heidegger's own writing on this subject, between his trenchant diagnosis of our gadget-governed lifestyle and the turn to Being that alone might redeem us. The same gap yawns in Barrett's report. To learn that "Being is the protagonist in the historical drama" doesn't help us much. No wonder, then, that Barrett has to turn to a new savior: the Moral Will dizzyingly identified with a variant of William James's will to believe: "the will to faith," in Part III: "Freedom." Finally, after Part IV, with the American and the Russian "Shape of the Future?" contrasted, we reach an oh-so-touching epilogue. "We have only to be open to the world and it will pour its rich at our feet."

I cannot list here either all the small errors—like Descartes's *poêle* transplanted from winter-quarters in Germany to his later refuge in the Netherlands or Merleau-Ponty's remark to Sartre about nature transferred from their reconciliation to their earlier friendship—or the confusions—like Russell's paradox generated by "the class of things that are not teacups"—or the sweeping historical generalizations—of which the first is perhaps the best: "The assimilation of these two terms [*Technik, Technologie*] to each other is the great fact of modern history"—with which Barrett's text is riddled. One more, I trust not immortal, sentence, however, I cannot forbear to mention: "To the question, What is Being?," Barrett announces, "Aristotle gives the simple and straightforward answer of the empirical mind."

Ballard's essay takes us into a clearer air. Again, though addressing a very contemporary theme, he speaks out of an old-fashioned training, enriched by the influence of continental thought. In this case the original and constant source of his reflection is Plato—Plato as we read him in our youth, before the brilliant flowering of Platonic scholarship of the last few decades, even of the last few years. What matter? The Plato of any century, or any decade, may suffice for a lifetime's sustained reflection. To this original sustenance, further, Ballard has added a remarkable assimilation of those aspects of Husserl's method that fit his philosophic

"An antic history of Washington's burlesque show,

more outrageous than Minsky's. It dazzles with wit and insight...Nicholas von Hoffman is in a class by himself in spotting power at its most clownish and absurd."—STUDS TERKEL

"This update from one of our leading interlopers is insistent and maddeningly informed."—GARRY TRUDEAU

MAKE-BELIEVE PRESIDENTS

Illusions of Power from McKinley to Carter

by NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

$8.95, now at your bookstore

PANTHEON

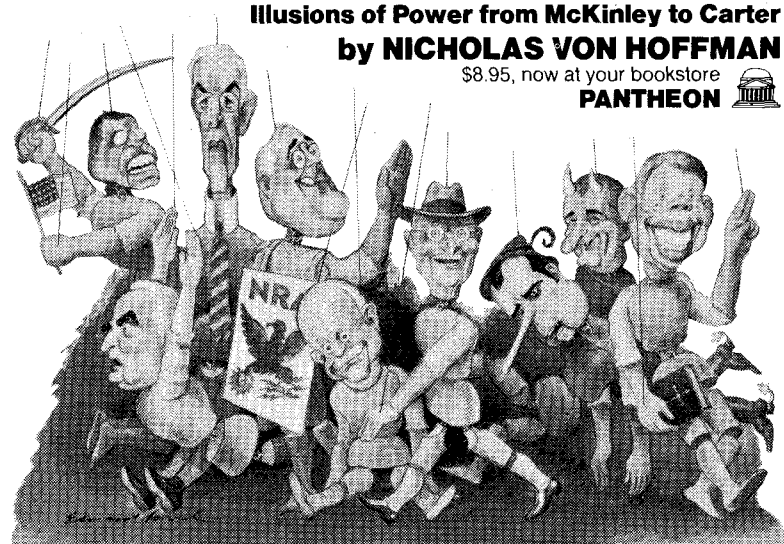


Illustration Edward Sorel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

needs, and insights from Heidegger most judiciously selected. His aim is clearly stated: to find a qualitative measure of human life that will enable us to judge the human worth of "technism": that is, of a culture wholly, if you like "ideally," technologized. The road to the accomplishment of this aim is necessarily circuitous, but it is traversed with care and the outcome of the journey is a painstakingly qualified answer. Apart from a couple of oddly unworldly footnotes, I found only a few matters that gave me pause, a couple of particular points, and one more general. In particular, there is Ballard's insistence that biological birth, for a human infant, is "only" metaphorical, and that literal birth should be dated to the period when the child becomes a chooser of ends, a player of roles, a solver of problems. Perhaps the contrast is meant ironically; I don't know. But since Ballard does touch recurrently on the priority of poetic language and the primacy of metaphor in speech, I find the contrast here puzzling. Not literal, that is, biological, birth, I would have thought, but the "second," metaphorical, birth of becoming a role-player, a problem-solver, a symbol-user, is what is fundamental. Thus the same dichotomy, but with the epithets reversed, would seem to me more plausible. Another particular: in his discussion of truth, Ballard at first seems to identify truth itself with "seeing," while later he does distinguish between our "seeing" of what is really grasped by our concepts or judgements and what *is* the case, whether we see it or not. I wish the blurring in the initial discussion had been eliminated. In general, I feel a more fundamental unease about Ballard's "measure of man," although I confess that I cannot, for the moment at least, adequately formulate my objection. The primary obligation of man, Ballard argues, is "to seek and to be guided by the truth about one's self." A venerable Socratic ideal, but I have to resist it. In a way whose precise formulation eludes me, I want to insist that, in the last analysis, the uniquely human resides not so much in self-knowledge as in the ability to give oneself, with reason and passion at once, to what is *more* than oneself. Much of what Ballard writes, about roles, about reason, about action and guilt, is excellent. Nor do I deny, of course, that one does have an obligation to oneself. But is the search for self-consciousness, whether Socratic or Husserlian, one's *primary* duty? I think not, and, thanks to Ballard's lucid and sober argument, I shall try to reflect more carefully why not.

Marjorie Grene

Majorie Grene is professor of Philosophy Emeritus, University of California, Davis, and Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities, Tulane University.

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL!

It is honestly possible to earn a fully-accredited bachelors, masters, or doctorate from well-known colleges and universities, without taking any traditional courses, and often at surprisingly low cost. Free details by mail from:

John Bear, Ph.D.
2150 Franklin St., Suite 636
Dept. **62711**
Oakland, California 94612

Marcel Duchamp: Appearance Stripped Bare by Octavio Paz translated by Rachel Phillips and Donald Gardner

(Viking; $10.95)

In a fast age when critics were forced to pursue like hounds, Marcel Duchamp outfoxed everyone. He led the avant-garde itself (Dada, Surrealism, Op Art, Pop Art, happenings) by a length, ahead of the names. The critical, negative approach of modernism (which dissects to create) was pure in him.

Octavio Paz's *Marcel Duchamp,* an expanded version of two earlier essays, shows that it was purist as well. Duchamp's never-go-back experimentation emulated the evaporative essence of reality. His two masterworks, *Large Glass* (or *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*) and *Given*—both in the Philadelphia Museum of Art—are metaphysical jokes.

For instance, *Given* is a formidable door with cheap-thrill peepholes onto a daylit nude who nonetheless holds a lit gas lamp: the real subject is an inconceivable darkness. And where *Given* is the banal flesh, *Large Glass* is the chichi pseudoscientific skeleton of an ironic view of reality as a circularity that begins and ends in an unsayable, invisible, and unthinkable One. This rebel against the "retinal" bias of postreligious art turned visuality itself into a reflective symbol. Overshooting modernist uncertainty, fixing it, his irony was Platonic. His avant-garde negativism circled back into a philosophical tradition a musty 2500 years old.

"For Duchamp," as Paz says, "art is not a thing but a medium, a cable for the transmission of ideas and emotions." He treats a traditional two-fold theme, love and knowledge, with meta-irony: "love leads us to knowledge, but knowledge is barely a reflection, the shadow of a transparent veil on the transparency of a glass. Real reality, the reality of the fourth dimension, is a *virtuality.*" The glass bride and the nude of *Given* are variants of Diana, who desires us to look at her, so that she may know her beauty, but whom it is forbidden to see. They perpetuate the archaic identification of women with nature and of both with fearful convoluted secrets and magic powers. But indifferently, so to say—by way of analogy. The Bride with her "timid" circular desire represents the reality that almost is (the One prior to being); her empty bachelors the consciousness which can almost know it. Duchamp is the painter of this circular void. His irony says that it cannot be painted and that he will paint it.

Duchamp's irony is thus required by metaphysics, not a criticism of it. Paz occasionally obscures this. "His version of the Goddess myth is not metaphysical or negative," he writes of *Large Glass,* "but ironic; it is criticism . . . of the religious and erotic myth of the Bride Virgin in terms of modern mechanical development and, simultaneously, a myth that burlesques our idea of science and technology." Accordingly, he dubs

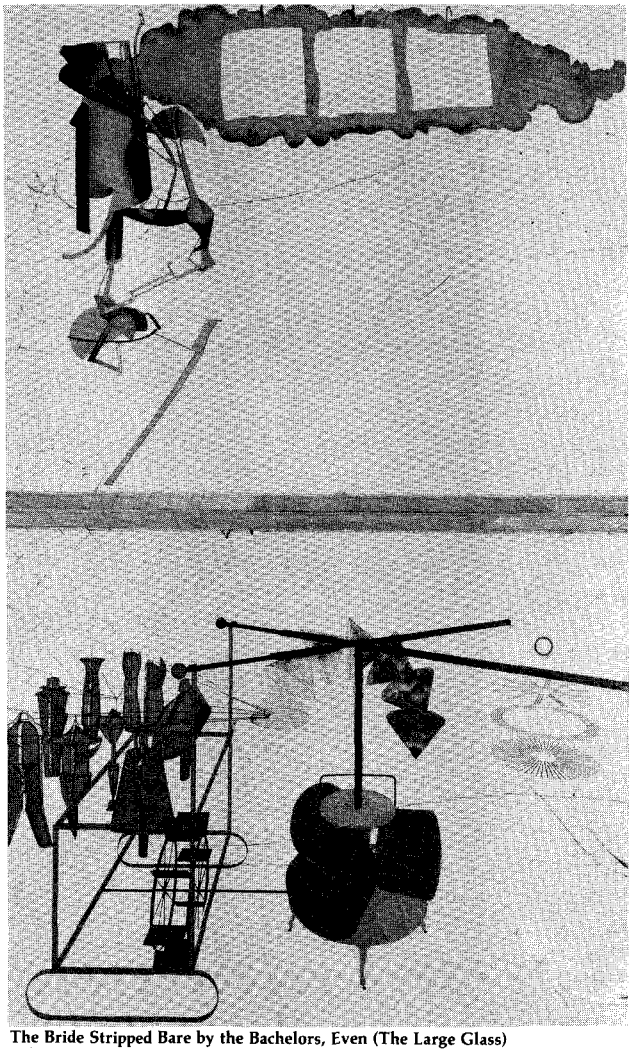
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the work a "Myth of Criticism"—a bastard term. The "only modern idea," he says, is criticism; but even if criticism really were an idea, Paz also reads *Large Glass* as an affirmative variant on the idea of the One and the Many. His observations seem flashily divided where they could be one.

Not at all because he resists Duchamp's metaphysical bent; on the contrary, he is friendly to it. His book is a learned, razzle-dazzle unfolding of the intellectual complexities of *Given* and *Large Glass*. He attacks Duchamp like a hornet before a honeysuckle bush of ambiguities; he tears around and leaves every blossom trembling. No one could be more up to Duchamp, and the two of them together are a tweedledee and tweedledum of exhausting brilliance. The book is a ganging up—not criticism but a subtle and sympathetic exercise in reflection.

No murmurs against the pseudophysics of *Large Glass* and its fey scholastic documentation in *Green Box* and *White Box* (notes, sketches, calculations, etc.). And a hypostatizing respect for ideas that were never painted into *Large Glass* (a work "finally unfinished," as Duchamp said, in 1923). In both theory and practice, especially practice, Paz gives the retinal short shrift. "The history of modern painting, from the Renaissance to our own times," he says, "could be described as the gradual transformation of the work of art into an artistic object: a transition from *vision* to the *perceptible thing*." The *Large Glass* reassumes "the traditional meaning of painting, which is absent from retinal art." He regards both it and *Given* solely as schemata. To contemplate the painted bride-goddess is to "move from voyeurism to clairvoyance," he says: "The curse of sight becomes the freedom of contemplation." But do the paintings as such show that sight is a curse?

To me the circular first and last pleasures of *Large Glass* are the teasing halcyon beauty which is an attribute of all transparence, the quaint figuration of the complex fantastic machinery, the peculiar droll blend of diverse shapes in the bride, the stomach-fluttering suspension of the bachelors below her, the treat of the colored forms picked out against the January-ice glass, the great webby cracks, the head-lifting size, and the ghostly reflections and the world spied through it as accidental visual complications and extensions of the work (before they are ideas). And *Given* would be suitably approached with the sensory terror of a child's first intolerable voyeurism. The rough brick-framed door is a splintery weathered tactile confrontation before it is history and matter attempting to preclude the beyond. If these works continue to survive, I think it will be less because of their ironic vision of reality as onanism than because they are erotically visible.



The Bride Stripped Bare by the Bachelors, Even (The Large Glass)

Did a painter so underground, so painstaking, and so obsessed with the bacheloric pittance of ironic "knowledge" truly enjoy (as he claimed) "the liberty of indifference"? Such knowledge is not freeing; it's empty and dizzying. But it *is* relatively freeing to see; the visible is not ironic as such, but a plenitude. Why did Duchamp paint rather than write philosophy? Just as his long-labored craft implied a belief in effort beyond irony, so his choosing to paint validated appearance. His mind was skeptical but his eye sought and found rest in a sufficient (if nonmimetic) perceptibility. Contemplation, which Paz says "is seeing not with the eyes but with the mind," is hinged to Duchamp's work but is not the work. It is, rather, criticism. Paz's book equates its own act of contemplation with the work. It is as indifferent to the tactility and visuality of the work as the bride to her bachelors. It is Idea in onanistic circularity with Idea.

But as contemplation of *Large Glass* and *Given* it could not (in the main) be bettered. The sentences pack in exact and brilliant observation. The historical diorama, the philosophical snap, the fertile distinctions, comparisons, and formulations, the succinct elegance that we now expect of this prolific Mexican man of letters, are all here, and working. The book is deft and dense with intelligence and, for all its brain-teasing, exciting to read; the phrasing is all energy. There are few studies so good on any artist.

Calvin Bedient

Calvin Bedient's most recent book is *Eight Contemporary Poets* (Oxford).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War and Remembrance by Herman Wouk

(Little, Brown; $15.00)

This novel, a continuation of Wouk's 885-page *The Winds of War* (1971), is, as *Publishers Weekly* would put it, the big one for fall, and its 1,042 pages will engage the book-club customers well into spring. The whole two-volume work constitutes a very good popular history of the Second World War and the Holocaust in the guise of a very bad novel. Actually Wouk is only dubiously a novelist, presumably enticed to that genre by the emoluments now attaching to it and its residuals. He is really something else, and when he functions as something else his work is often interesting and occasionally admirable.

But when he is merely novelizing he is embarrassing. The characters and plot of *War and Remembrance* are purely early 1950s Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Victor ("Pug") Henry (to be played by Spencer Tracy) is a mature naval officer married to the martini-loving Rhoda (Tallulah Bankhead). One of their sons, Byron (Anthony Perkins), is a brave and successful submarine officer. Another, Warren (Van Johnson), is a brave and successful naval aviator, killed at Midway. Their daughter Madeline (Ava Gardner) cohabits for a while with the USO entertainer Hugh Cleveland (Jack Carson), but finally comes to her senses and dumps him in favor of a chap working on the bomb in Los Alamos. Byron is married to Natalie (Claire Bloom), the niece of Aaron Jastrow (Sam Jaffe), said to be an impressive Jewish philosopher. Commander (later Captain and finally Rear Admiral) Victor Henry is away a lot, commanding the heavy cruiser *Northampton* until it's sunk near Guadalcanal, and then running high-powered errands all over the world for Roosevelt—expediting Lend-Lease operations in Persia, clearing up bottlenecks in landing craft production in England and the States. While he's away, Rhoda falls for the atomic scientist Palmer Kirby (Robert Young). At the same time, Pug finds himself beloved by Pamela Tudsbury (Vivien Leigh), the toothsome daughter of famed British broadcaster Alistair ("Talky") Tudsbury (Robert Morley). Aaron Jastrow and Natalie and her infant Louis are trapped in Siena, where they are beguiled by the plausible but cunning German diplomat Dr. Werner Beck (Hume Cronyn). After Aaron bravely resists Beck's pressures to deliver treasonous broadcasts, he and Natalie and her child find themselves delivered to the detention and transport mechanisms of the Final Solution, and Aaron ends in the gas chamber at Auschwitz. When the war is over, Natalie and Louis are found to have survived and are reunited with Byron. Admiral Henry's marriage with Rhoda having come apart, he finds happiness with Pamela and is appointed naval aide to President Truman. Choral music. House lights up.

The character of Victor Henry, the Lanny Budd of these proceedings, abundantly indicates what's wrong with *War and Remembrance* as fiction. He is not to be believed. As Madeline tells her brother Byron, "You and I have an incredible father." Too true. With his "awkward smile" and habit of being always right, he charms the world's leaders, who never tire of complimenting him. "You have insight, Pug," Roosevelt tells him, "and a knack for putting things clearly." He is a master of every subject-not just naval and military strategy and engineering, but wine and food, tanks, atomic fission, the history of philosophy, international politics, art history, and the history of Europe since 1870. He speaks languages and reads "Shakespeare" and "the Bible." He drinks but doesn't get drunk. His bravery is legendary. His personal mail is likely to include chatty letters on "creamy" White House stationery. He is gifted at literary composition, and he translates and edits like a scholar. He is one of those rare creatures whose obtuse superiority makes him "popular" instead of hated. ("Popular fella, aren't you?" Harry Hopkins says to him once.) Powerful fantasy seems to be at work in Wouk's creation of Pug, and unkind readers may suspect autobiographical projection. Although Pug is actually a prig for all seasons, Wouk imagines that the reader will admire him without reservation. Pug's world is equally unreal: the telephones always work, people keep appointments, binoculars and toilet paper are always at hand, soldiers and sailors obey orders, and eyewitness accounts are to be relied on.

One stylistic symptom of Wouk's primitive conception of character and his rationalist view of the world is Elegant Variation. Thus Pug is "the naval officer," W. Somerset Maugham (who makes a brief guest appearance) "the British novelist," Stalin "the Communist dictator," Hitler "the Austrian adventurer," and FDR "the masterful old cripple" residing in "the executuve mansion." Without typecasting everybody and everything Wouk would be lost in a world more complicated than he and his readers can tolerate. Unable to conceive an original character or to equip anyone with feelings above the commonplace, he must resort to wholly external classifications. His people are devoid of inner life. Their professional identity is their whole reality and they are entirely what they seem: stick-figures whose only function is to take their places in Wouk's retrograde middle-class allegory of success.

Although Wouk imputes sadism and unreason to the Nazis, he has eliminated the irrational from the behavior of the Allies, with the result that the war fought by the Henrys, unlike Heller's war, or Vonnegut's or Pynchon's, lacks the crucial dimension of the lunatic, the cruel, and the self-destructive. As an antidote to Wouk's simple, patriotic dramatization of the justness of war it is useful to remember Dwight MacDonald on General Patton: "Far from the justness of the war excusing Patton's barbarism, Patton's barbarism calls into question the justness of war. There is something suspect about an end which calls for such means." A mere 20 years after the heroic sacrifices Wouk celebrates, infantrymen were fragging their officers. From *War and Remembrance* it would be impossible to guess why. It is depressing to discover finally that a novel whose size, scope and method remind us of *War and Peace* and whose theme is bound to remind us of Mann's *Doctor Faustus* has for its real hero the United States Navy.

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have a Platignum pen, a medium Italic nib and our free instruction manual

Still only $3.00 at better art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to Pentalic Corporation, 132 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents for postage. State whether right or left handed ... Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the Italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own a Platignum.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus the soap-opera part of *War and Remembrance*: trash, essentially, fabricated by the Wouk who's going to flog the whole thing to the movies. But there's another part, never satisfactorily joined to the MGM part, written by what I take to be more authentic Wouk, the learned descriptive and analytic essayist, and it is surprisingly fine. Much of it consists of powerfully imagined strategic theory and military history from the pen of the fictive German general Armin von Roon, whose book *Land, Sea and Air Operations of World War II*, written while its author is imprisoned for war crimes, is translated by Victor Henry, who annotates the text and sets the author straight on numerous points. The quality of the military reasoning in this document—the whole comprises 122 pages—is impressive, and so is Wouk's scholarship (that really is the correct word) in contemporary history. Impressive too is the strategic and tactical understanding in Wouk's accounts of naval battles like Midway and Leyte Gulf. Indeed, in his narration of Leyte Gulf he seems to recognize how much more interested he is in the history of naval operations than in the behavior of One Man's Family, whom he forgets for pages while he goes on, admirably, in the role of naval historian. As a historian of naval warfare Wouk is as good as Samuel Eliot Morison, while as an analytic narrator of land battles, particularly Soviet here, he invites comparison with someone like B. H. Liddell Hart. If the idea of "the novel" had not been his fatal Cleopatra, he could have distinguished himself as a contemporary historian. As it is, his failure to achieve a masterpiece can be seen as a generic miscarriage.

When he turns from people to significant public environments and "things," Wouk is also wonderful. A modern image hard to forget is the immense floating bottom of a destroyer capsized during the typhoon in *The Caine Mutiny* (1951). Seen from the *Caine*, it is a bizarre shiny red island with no life on it. "Waves were breaking over it in showers of foam," and the observers are properly awestruck by the sight and the silence. Wouk is as good presenting what we might see at a farcical Second Front Now rally at Hollywood Bowl or what Himmler sees when he inspects the extermination and cremation facilities at Auschwitz. Perhaps Wouk's triumph in this line is his depiction of Theresienstadt, the "Paradise Ghetto" in Czechoslovakia, while it is being prettied up late in the war to deceive a delegation from the Danish Red Cross. Aaron and Natalie are confined there together with thousands of "specials" and *prominente*, and the Great Beautification goes on all around them to their astonishment and anxiety. Flowers are set out, bandstands erected and painted, cafes established (with Jews rehearsed to play happy boulevardiers), a soccer field is laid out and "teams" drilled to play on it, fake shops are opened and "shoppers" rehearsed. The Danish delegation believes it all, and a few days later the residents of Theresienstadt are all shipped East. Wouk does even the inside of the cattle cars superbly: give him an environment of any kind—the Kremlin, Hitler's Wolfsschanze in the East Prussian forest, the president's private quarters in the White House, a gas chamber posing as a mass shower-bath, the flag-plot room on a battleship, an atomic pile, the interior of a submarine or a bomber—and he renders it persuasively. There's hardly a contemporary writer so good at depicting locales authentically, places as varied as Honolulu, Bern, Lisbon, Leningrad, Columbia Univeristy, and London. They are perfect. I find it also to Wouk's credit that he is serious about the Second World War and conceives that interpreting it is the most pressing modern intellectual and moral problem. I respect the elegiac impulse that prompts him to interrupt his narrative of the Battle of Midway to display on three pages the names of the actual dead naval aviators from *Yorktown*, *Enterprise*, and *Hornet*. It is only with living people that he fails.

He has wanted to register the facts of the Holocaust so that they will never be forgotten. It is sad that the vulgarity of his romance of the Henrys compromises this admirable end, and by proximity demeans his skillful historiography.

Paul Fussell

Paul Fussell's most recent book is *The Great War and Modern Memory* (Oxford).

Isherwood
by Jonathan Fryer
(Doubleday; $10.00)

In the last paragraph of this biography the author remarks to his subject, as he leaves him at the Greyhound Station in Santa Monica after a final interview, that he hopes there will be nothing that will shock him in the pages he will be writing. "Characteristically he replied reproachfully, 'Oh, but there *must* be!'" Unfortunately the author was right—there is little in this book to intrigue let alone shock the reader. Isherwood deserves a much better biography. At best there are a few interesting ideas and perhaps a handy record of fact. In that sense, it will have some use, even though reading it is a trying experience. It is ironic that one of the masters of English prose should be written about in so flat-footed a way, burdened with such terms as "finalise," "shacked up," and "social hangups." And one suspects that Isherwood himself would enjoy the moments of unintended comedy that result when the author reaches for a vivid simile—the best, surely, when Mr. Fryer tells us that *Sally Bowles* "has a style so smooth and seemingly simple that the reader glides through the story like a knife through butter." But for the most part the prose is a series of declarative sentences—one fact after another. It is possible that the author thought he was writing in the deceptively simple style of his subject—if so, the example of the master has been disastrous.

To strike a balance between the work and the life, that is the notorious difficulty facing the biographer of a writer. By definition almost every biography is of someone whose accomplishments have a semi-independent existence—surely this is true of Isherwood—and the biographer has to pay attention to them. Fryer solves *that* problem by eschewing judgment and analysis; rather, he provides plot summaries (drastically abbreviated), and snap judgments (some of them valid—e.g. that *A Single Man* is a neglected masterpiece).

In rare instances, such as James Pope-Hennessy's life of Monckton-Milnes, the biography may be a better book than those of the subject, whose life, not his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work, claims our interest. But in most cases the work is more important than the life. That does not mean that a "life" cannot be a considerable accomplishment; a study that in and of itself will be interesting and will illuminate the work of a writer, depicting the world from which he drew material and in which he flourished. In this life, however, such rewards are few.

Christopher Isherwood by Don Bacchardi

Isherwood does present more than the usual difficulties. He is intensely autobiographical himself. Not only that, he is still in the process of recycling his life for creative purposes. He has presented it fictionally in his early novels; semi-fictionally in *Lions and Shadows* and *Goodbye to Berlin*; factually in *Kathleen and Frank* and *Christopher and his Kind*. One presumes and hopes that he will continue to publish his life as seen by himself in his diaries and in his commentaries upon them. He has yet to do so for the years since he came to live in America in 1939, and one can guess from Fryer's accumulation of facts on that period what a fascinating book is in store from an author who so brilliantly puts facts at the service of imaginative recreation.

There is a challenging biographical study to be written of Isherwood—in which the author would attempt to disentangle the webs of fiction, semi-fiction, and autobiography, to demonstrate how they play upon one another, how they conceal and reveal, trap and liberate, disguise and lay bare the man and the artist. Perhaps then we would have a book which might both shock Isherwood and interest us. Not that I would expect such an analysis to result in negative judgments on the work. But it might well call into question commonly held notions about his life, beginning with the relatively minor question of his identity as an "American" writer—I would say that he is an English writer who has lived the greater part of his life in America, just as Henry James was an American writer who lived the greater part of his life in England—and continuing to far more significant questions of his politics, his mysticism, and his homosexuality.

Christopher Isherwood, or Christopher William Bradshaw Isherwood as he then was, was born in 1904 into the gentry of Cheshire, including in his ancestry a leading regicide of Charles I. There was money and land—the house where he was born, Wybersleigh Hall, still exists; Marple Hall, where his grandparents lived, has been torn down. He received the education of his class—boarding schools, then University.

Like his mentor E. M. Forster, he is deeply saturated in the culture of the English upper middle class; and though he would turn on it as the "Enemy," the particular power and authority one associates with that class in that time and that place endures in Isherwood to this day. It explains, for example, why he should write of his homosexuality with an unapologetic frankness and poise that seem to elude American writers altogether.

His father, Frank Bradshaw Isherwood, had a professional career in the army, and was killed in the First World War. The idea of the "Test"—that a young man must prove himself—played an important part in Isherwood's literary career, as it did for many who were too young to be in the war yet old enough to remember it vividly—whether or not they lost a father or brother. Coming to terms with his inheritance—in both a literal and psychological sense—has been a crucial element in Isherwood's life. When he did receive the family fortune on the death of his uncle (also a homosexual although

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a briefly married one) in July 1940, he handed it over to his mother and younger brother and noted in his diary "I often used to wonder just when this would happen—and I always half-knew that when it did, when Marple and all the money became mine, it would be too late. It is too late now—not merely because of the War but because the absurd boyhood dream of riches is over forever. It is too late to invite my friends to a banquet, to burn the Flemish tapestry and the Elizabethan beds, to turn the house into a brothel. I no longer want to be revenged on the Past." Not that the money wouldn't have been useful, as he has not been particularly prosperous as a writer, except from he various transformations of *Sally Bowles* which started with the John van Druten play in 1951, the only version for which he has anything good to say.

A recent exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery in London celebrated Isherwood, along with Auden, Spender and others, as a writer of the 1930s. The legend of that decade is so powerful that, despite his considerable accomplishments since, I suspect he will be irrevocably bound to it. (He has done his best to free himself from the legend in *Christopher and his Kind*.) In a quite remarkable way the public and the personal came together in his work then. He was able to maintain a private voice while dealing with a violent public world. The personal life played out against the agony of Germany in the years before the triumph of National Socialism in 1933 made for writing of the most memorable kind. Perhaps because *The Berlin Stories* are so "personal," the politics in their background have an inevitability absent from all those aggressively political anti-fascist novels of the period that have long since been forgotten.

Since coming to America he has produced a sizable body of work that in itself would have assured another writer a major reputation. But his achievements in the 1930s—and the vast success of *I am a Camera* and *Cabaret*—have tended to cast a shadow over everything else. And now, having disowned his political role of the 1930s, by a strange irony he is emerging as a significant figure in the politics of homosexuality—a kind of guru of the queer (which he greatly prefers to gay) world, to which in speech and precept he has made considerable contributions.

Ultimately, though, it is the work that matters, and Fryer's book has the virtue of leading us back to read Isherwood himself. As for the life, he does present a sympathetic picture, making clear Isherwood's need to achieve a sense of spirituality to balance his sexuality: in this context, the misunderstood or underestimated Vedanta period becomes more understandable. Isherwood appears to have achieved a serene 70s, perched on the rim of Santa Monica canyon, along with the many other English who live there in the sun. He has assimilated himself far more than most to his new country, about which he writes with an odd mix of intimacy and distance, but he is still, fortunately, an English writer and a master of English prose.

Peter Stansky

Peter Stansky has, with William Abrahams, written on England in the 1930s in *Journey to the Frontier*. Their study of George Orwell in the same period will be published next year.

Make-Believe Presidents: Illusions of Power from McKinley to Carter by Nicholas von Hoffman

(Pantheon; $8.95)

Nicholas von Hoffman, the controversial Washington columnist, has written a cranky, disjointed yet refreshingly inconoclastic polemic on the state of politics in contemporary America. While his central theme is hardly novel—policy in America is decided by corporate elites and ruling classes—his episodic reflections on the plight of the modern presidency make his book worth our interest.

Much of von Hoffman's essay consists of rather tedious illustrations of his point that the economic interests of corporate America have time and again been the decisive influence in shaping both our public policies and our educational and informational systems. Thus, federal regulations have hurt small businesses, while allowing big businesses to flourish, often with the help of governmental protections and subsidies. Thus, instead of a "free press" in America, the corporations which own the newspapers and television stations ensure that editors and reporters are the pom-pom girls leading the cheers for free-market corporate capitalism. Thus, American higher education institutions are controlled by people who have inherited wealth or who are closely tied to the great corporations. Thus, the Council on Foreign Relations is a kind of strategic device corporate elites use to penetrate and influence our foreign policy decision-making.

The indictment of 20th-century America is familiar to anyone who has read C. Wright Mills, David Halberstam, Richard Barnett or other kindred writers on the American left. Von Hoffman adds little new or interesting in this aspect of his book—which, unfortunately, is the bulk of what he has to say.

Fortunately, however, von Hoffman's efforts are at least partially redeemed by some speculative digressions on the problems and paradoxes of the presidency. *Make-Believe Presidents* holds, for example, that since 1896, our elections have seldom decided anything of policy consequence. Only with William Jennings Bryan did we have a choice and not an echo, an explicit alternative to the moguls of eastern corporate capitalism. Since then we have had to elect presidents largely on the basis of character and personality because the political system now excludes broad policy questions from the electoral process. What else is there to fasten on than the character of the would-be office holder?

The author contends, quite rightly in my view, that too many writers and journalists over-emphasize the personalities of presidents at the expense of seriously analyzing the economic and institutional contexts in which presidents must operate. If incumbents appear captive and hedged-in by the governmental and economic apparatus, this is in fact so, and has been accompanied by the vast centralization of government that began back in the 1880s. But if government functions are centralized, they are not unified. Von Hoffman brings himself to defend Richard Nixon's fight to win control

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over the executive branch of government in 1972 and 1973; he sees Nixon's efforts as an honest attempt to bring some integration and unity to the isolated honeycombs of our governmental agencies.

Von Hoffman's apparent faith in a strong planning presidency does not convince me that the outcomes over time of such an institution would invariably be desirable. We all want a stronger presidency when the president is doing what we like, e.g., being a peacemaker for the Middle East or directing a genuine war on poverty. But presidents have their bad as well as their good days. On their bad days, we want all the checks and balances and all the constitutional and informal constraints our system can muster. The paradox of the presidency is that we can't have it both ways. Hence, we live with a presidency that is hedged-in, especially when it comes to domestic economic policy. But does Mr. von Hoffman really want a radically strengthened presidency? Perhaps he does, but doubtless only when someone whose views he admires occupies that office.

Repeatedly, von Hoffman says, we blame our presidents for policies that are merely reflections of the pervasive values and tendencies of our society. In effect, don't blame Lyndon Johnson for Vietnam: America doesn't go to war by presidential caprice. "Nor can a weaker case for the imperial presidency be found than the Vietnam War." The system did it, not our presidents. We went into Vietnam not because of an omnipotent presidency, but because it was a logical extension of the neo-manifest destiny principles that had become a consensus among America's ruling elites.

This is a recurring theme in *Make-Believe Presidents*: our presidents take their cues from the power circles that really control things. Presidents, in other words, are stabilizers of the status quo, protectors of "the American way." They will not and cannot rock the boat very much. And they seldom innovate. Here von Hoffman echoes the verdict offered by Richard Hofstadter in his classic, *The American Political Tradition*.

How then does policy change come about? Von Hoffman suggests that new ideas and fresh ways of thinking about our social problems will almost invariably come from outside both our party system and our normal electoral politics. Look to the third parties and the "troublemakers," he says. Although given to occasional overstatement here, he is often correct, as when he notes that in the 1960s and 1970s the civil rights and antiwar movements helped shape the national agenda and frame our national debates. To effect change, he adds, you have to work from the outside, you have to use the strategies of the Martin Luther Kings, the Saul Alinskys, the Ralph Naders. In a particularly useful observation about the way our electoral politics often squeeze out issue politics he writes that:

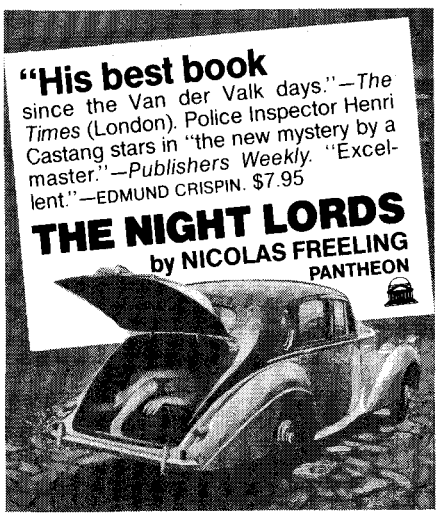
> *Elective or electoral politicians can't make such loud noises. Even to force change into the public discussion, much less realize it, puts one beyond the pale. In the lingo of the pros, "issue-oriented" people destroy their political effectiveness, i.e., they make it impossible for themselves to get elected. The paradox is that the politically effective people can't get anything done, while the ineffective people . . . can't get elected but can get things done.*

Readers will differ with von Hoffman's analysis depending on their view of how open our system is. They will doubtless be disappointed by his lack of rigor and the lack of support for most of his generalizations. But few can dismiss his indictments altogether. He has raised compelling problems about our system and its inability to win the kind of trust and support it once commanded. For all their weaknesses, his insights help explain why more and more ordinary citizens think voting and participating in our electoral processes is so meaningless today.

Where von Hoffman is weakest is in his analysis of what might be done to reverse the situation. Other than some pallid comments about welcoming friction and some casual inveighing against "false harmonies," one gets the impression that the book was rushed to the publisher without a last chapter. Last chapters are often the hardest to write. In books such as this, they can make the difference between the ordinary and the important.

Thomas E. Cronin

Thomas E. Cronin, a professor of political science at the University of Delaware, is author of *The State of the Presidency* (Little, Brown) and coauthor of *Government by the People* (Prentice Hall).


"His best book
since the Van der Valk days."—The Times (London). Police Inspector Henri Castang stars in "the new mystery by a master."—Publishers Weekly. "Excellent."—EDMUND CRISPIN. $7.95
THE NIGHT LORDS
by NICOLAS FREELING
PANTHEON

Brief Reviews

Antietam: The Photographic Legacy of America's Bloodiest Day by William A. Frassanito

(Scribner's; $15.95)

The Battle of Antietam on September 17, 1862, during the Civil War produced the largest number of casualties in American military history—26,000 on both sides killed, wounded or missing. At the battlefield site near Sharpsburg, Maryland, an hour by car from Washington, one can read on roadside markers the events of that battle and then rest in the shade of the pines in the somber cemetery where Union soldiers lie buried. A decisive early action by Union General McClellan against Lee's army at Antietam, some historians say, would have shortened the war by a year or two.

Perhaps so. But because the cautious McClellan didn't do that, the battle has been refought many times. The most comprehensive study of Antietam was done in the 1960s by James V. Murfin, whose *Gleam of Bayonets* encapsulates the politics and strategy of that drama. William Frassanito concentrates instead on the battlefield photography, a new form of journalism and art then being pioneered by Matthew Brady and his competitors. This work is a companion

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Confederate dead, September 19, 1862 — Collection of John L. McGuire

volume to Frassanito's earlier *Gettysburg, a Journey into Time*.

The photos in the Antietam book were taken by Alexander Gardner and James F. Gibson. They were the first photos of the dead displayed to the Northern public (the battlefields up to that time having been left in the hands of the Confederates). The corpses, bloated and stacked along the wave of the battle, evoke the bravery and terror of the great civil war. The Maryland countryside, heavy with ripening corn and apples, was piled high with this unprecedented number of dead and dying in the 12 square miles of the battlefield. Civil war buffs who thirst for yet more and more details on this bloody day can no more resist this book than the tippler the bottle.

The author uses glass plate negative photos, obtained principally from the Library of Congress archives, to trace the course of the battle and to speculate on exactly how and when the photos were taken. It is a neat bit of historical detective work. There are often successful efforts to compare the scenes in the photos with the present day Antietam landscape which, thanks to timely preservation efforts, remains more or less as it was on September 17, 1862.

R.J.M.

Coming:

A major reinterpretation of Hannah Arendt's intellectual career by Leon Botstein.

The Horse of Pride
by Pierre-Jakez Helias
(Yale University Press; $15.00)

The Brittany coast is harsh, rugged and bleak. Wind-whipped waves from the Atlantic batter this tip of France, gouging jagged cliffs and constantly reworking the face of the coastline. In sharp contrast to the brilliant blues and lush greens of France's more famous southern coast, the colors of Brittany are gray, brown and mottled green. It is a hard place to live.

Brittany's soil is surprisingly fertile; the produce of the region, magnificent. But the weather-beaten earth does not yield easily. Farming is a constant struggle not always won. Yet the extraordinarily resilient Bretons have been doing battle with their land for generations and have survived, even flourished, cultivating not only their fields but their rich folklore and proud heritage as well.

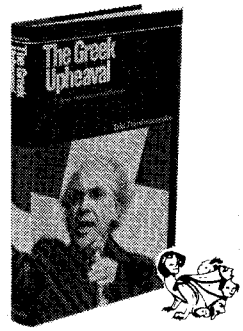
The Horse of Pride is a marvelous chronicle of Breton lives and life, seen largely through the eyes of a child grown old, remembering how it used to be, in the years between the two world wars. The memories are magnificent; whimsical folk stories, adventures and initiations, and deep familial love. The affectionate and touching portraits are not just of one family—the kindly, wise grandfather, tireless, loving mother and stern, strong father—but of a whole people. A fiercely independent people, who have had better luck against the elements than against the onslaught of modern civilization. Neither wind nor waves could shake the stubborn Breton's attachment to his land and community, but progress has.

The Horse of Pride is not a book to be read straight through, cover to cover. There is too much detail, too much to absorb and learn. Also, because this is a second translation (the author first wrote in Breton, before translating the book into French), the prose is sometimes heavy and rough—hard to take in large doses, like the potent calvados Bretons love. Like that faintly sweet, strong apple liqueur, this book should be savored slowly—set aside and picked up again, chapters read and re-read. Only in such a manner can the full richness of Breton life and the remarkable nature of the author's personal and cultural heritage be appreciated.

Pierre-Jakez Helias is a folklore scholar, but in *The Horse of Pride* he lets his past dominate his academic training. "Like Monsieur de Montaigne, I am not teaching; I am telling a story," he writes at one point. Only in the final chapter does he abandon his role as raconteur and, despite several denials, reveal his

The Greek Upheaval

In this eye-opening book, a capable Greek journalist, who has recently been sentenced to prison in absentia for his maverick reporting, examines the historical background of the 1974 crisis, the break down of democratic politics, the rule of the colonels. PUBLISHERS WEEKLY



The author presents a fairly balanced view of the personalities and philosophies in current Greek politics. He criticizes "Greece's instinct for self-destruction, irresponsible press and opportunistic politicians." LIBRARY JOURNAL

Price: $12.00

Available in most bookstores or directly from

CARATZAS BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
246 Pelham Road,
New Rochelle, N.Y. 10805

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sociological orientation and politics. He concisely catalogs the changes forced on the region by 20th-century progress—war, agricultural machinery and tourism—and the rapid assimilation of its people into the greater French nation. He is quietly radical in his discussion of the abuse of his peasant compatriots and the complacency of the bourgeoisie who have fed on their labors.

Although he couches his emotion in understatement and irony, Helias is clearly angry about the "wreckage" of his civilization, which has become, like the Breton box-bed and lace coiffe, a mere "curiosité." He is determined to keep his people's culture alive, and this superb compendium will certainly be a major contribution to that effort. Helias's determination arises both from his personal experiences and his years of folklore study. As he notes himself, "Folklore still symbolizes the continued existence of man." With a book such as *The Horse of Pride*, that lore will never be lost.

Neil Pickett

Neil Pickett is a reporter for *The National Law Journal*.

The Imperialist Revolutionaries by Hugh Seton-Watson

(Hoover Institution Press; $6.95)

There are two fundamentally different analytical strands in this ambitious book. Partaking of his superb education in Russian history and the international Communist movement, Seton-Watson surveys the main trends at work in that increasingly complex evolution. He begins on a functional level by analyzing prospects for Communist victory in world politics generally, extends that examination to cover what he calls "The Peaceful Road to Socialism" (from Chile to Japan), and then focuses on the various defeats and victories of Leninist organizations in the third world, the Far East and southern Asia. He also provides an overview of political evolution within the Soviet Union ("The Soviet Empire," in his words) and Eastern Europe. The beginning and concluding chapters provide appropriate analytical benchmarks upon which these larger revolutionary prospects can be examined and evaluated. The author is not always "balanced" in his rendering of Soviet political experience, but—on balance—this analytical strand is of a generally high order.

There is, unfortunately, another strand of analysis, or perhaps I should say a strand of tirade, in this book. Seton-Watson has a pronounced hostility toward third world leaders, liberal European Communists, and, most substantively, the liberal political elite's "failure of nerve" in America and western Europe. He appears to believe the following: the Western democratic community is a dual victim of totalitarian imperialism, represented by the Soviet Union and its massed army of supporters in Asia, Africa and eastern Europe, and of a dramatic erosion of moral-political fiber. In these fears, the author is part of an emerging conservative consensus on both the domestic and foreign policy levels. Irving Howe has addressed this subject on the domestic level (*TNR*, September 9,); but Seton-Watson speaks for this public on perhaps a more decisive plane. He worries about the alleged masochism of the West, growing out of its colonial past and refreshed by the tragedy of US intervention in Vietnam; and he wonders about whether "we" can mobilize ourselves against the new imperialism, which he sees as motivated by a unifying sense of revolutionary purpose. Can this seriously be credited as a description of Brezhnev's Russia? The polemicist in Seton-Watson, I fear, has overwhelmed the dispassionate analyst—a thing which happens as well to his neoconservative counterparts on the domestic front when they discuss the welfare-state.

John Starrles

John Starrles is coauthor of *Politics in the German Democratic Republic* (Praeger).

Fairy Tales and After by Roger Sale

(Harvard University Press; $11.00)

Once upon a time, in the 17th century, childhood was invented. Before that, there were only babies, little men and women, and grown men and women. No one read alone; instead people listened to tales together. It was around 1700 that children were recognized and invited to sit on parents' laps, look at colorful pictures and listen to stories written especially for children. Once upon a later time, about when Roger Sale wrote *Fairy Tales and After*, literary criticism of children's books was invented. Before that, there were social, historical, psychological and even philosophical treatments of various children's classics, but no real literary commentaries.

In his introduction, Sale says that what we really need is a good literary history, which neither his, nor any other preliminary study of children's literature, is yet in a position to provide. As a matter of course he discusses the books in chronological order, and in passing he suggests historical and biographical influences that help elucidate stories. But he mainly aims to do close readings of the texts he has chosen to cover: fairy tales, some early written tales, and books by Lewis Carroll, Beatrix Potter, Kenneth Grahame, Kipling, L. Frank Baum, Walter R. Brooks, E.B. White and more. However, a more historical treatment may not only be what we need, but also what we want; it's the historical details even more than the textual studies that are most suggestive in Sale's book.

After audaciously dismissing A.A. Milne in his first chapter as an offensive snob who wants children to ridicule bears who foolishly say "expotition," Sale subsides into generally less provocative textual discussions. He carefully retells stories and makes interesting observations; what more do we want from criticism of children's books we might ask, but Sale leads us to believe he can offer more argument and analysis. He also promises personal judgments, and these he does provide, in an appropriately informal style. He praises the small worlds that Beatrix Potter creates in her four by six inch books which "invite us to stare, and ask questions, and delight in never having answers enough"; he disparages *Stuart Little* as less even than a "distinguished or considerable failure"; and he gives mixed reviews in between.

When he's not reading and judging, Sale digs up intriguing biographical details about authors and reaches for generalizations about the great variety of children's books written in many countries over many years. It turns out that many of the authors did not have particularly fond or even normal relations with children. Everyone knows about Lewis Carroll's rather strange predilection for little girls; Kenneth Grahame's son committed suicide; it was only after Kipling's daughter died that he wrote his best stories. These and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other facts may not support any general theses about the genre, but they embellish accounts of specific works and prompt entertaining speculation. Sale also alludes to larger questions about the pressures of tradition, the differences among national styles, the role of book publishing and production techniques, and the influence of experts—teachers, psychologists and librarians. He doesn't answer them in this book, but now that the preliminary study is written, perhaps sometime ever after he will.

A.H.

Correspondence

(continued from page 8)

Haig did not stop the attack after the first day, when total casualties in his army came to 57,470 (more than the Brits lost in the Crimean, Boer and Korean wars combined). He kept pushing for 140 days, gained about 5 miles at a cost of 483,000 casualties. This ground was retaken by the Germans in one day in 1918. Even years after WWI ended, Haig was still insisting that horse cavalry was the weapon of the future. ("The machine-gun is a much-overrated weapon," etc.) A slow learner.

Mike Kernan
The Washington Post
Washington, D.C.

Paul VI

To the editors:

Re M.P.'s remarks in Jerusalem Diarist [*TNR*, July 29]—about Pope Paul VI being unmoved by the agonies of his people in Lebanon: this is a false statement. Pope Paul spoke out strongly against the slaughter and begged and prayed for peace, as he had consistently done in other places, other times, where war was raging on.

Kathryn Acheson
London, Canada

TNR welcomes letters to the editors—especially if they are informative, witty and concise (under 200 words), and most especially if they are typed double-spaced on white paper.

The New Republic School & College Directory

Instruction

ALTERNATIVE DOCTORAL PROGRAM. Southeastern University, 5163 deGaulle Drive, New Orleans, LA 70114.

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL
Bachelors, masters, doctorates. Legal, inexpensive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 2150 Franklin Street, Dept. 62166, Oakland, California 94612.

Foreign Studies

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo, 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical, non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 18 E. 41st Street, New York, New York 10017. (212) 889-7960.

The Classifieds

Personals

MANHATTAN EDITOR/WRITER, female 29, lover of books, music, and the outdoors, seeks serious friendship with kind, intelligent, dependable man living upstate or New England. The New Republic Box 9025.

PLAMATES Couples-Singles. Discreet introductions. Box 3355, York Pa. 17402. 717-848-1408.

LONELY? Find a friend - use the classifieds!

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, AWARE Manhattan Female with diversified interests, looking to meet attractive, intelligent well-preserved male 45-55. 371-5617.

IMPRESS FRIENDS; OFFEND ENEMIES
Master of Absurdities, Doctor of Inconsistencies and Master of Bureaucratic Ambiguity diplomas from Scientific/Humanistic Institute of Technology. Suitable for framing. $2.00 each. Personalized, $5.00 each. The Institute, P.O. Box 264, Denver, Colorado 80201.

PLAMATES, Couples-Singles. Discreet introductions. Box 3355, York, Pennsylvania 17402, 717-848-1408.

SWM 59, physician. Honorable, tender, considerate, open, intelligent, low-key, sense of humor. Loves people, talk, fun, travel, music, reading, quiet dinners, sidewalk cafes, ballet, folk choirs and dances. 67.5", 160 lbs. Seeks intelligent, educated woman under 50, preferably widow or never married, with integrity, warmth, sense of humor, articulate, attractive, slim youthful figure. British, European or American. Object friendship, matrimony. The New Republic Box 8995.

MALE TEACHER, 32, Long Island - NYC, 5'll", 160#. Interests include literature, sports and psychology. Seeks intimate, sharing relationship with a sensitive, attractive woman. Send photograph if possible. The New Republic Box 9000.

ARE YOU A SINGULAR MAN sincerely seeking to share life with a loving mate whose singularity includes attributes of tallness, attractiveness, Jewishness, fiftyness? Chicago. The New Republic Box 9020

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, sixtyish, interests, politics, outdoors, music, theatre. Are you ready to move from being alone to being part of a couple? If you are willing to move from letters and phone calls, to a personal visit, I'd love to hear from you. Baltimore/D.C. area. The New Republic Box 9015.

JAPANESE GIRLS MAKE wonderful Wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $1.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, California 95711.

LATIN LADIES seek friendship. Write "Latins" Box 1716-NR, Chula Vista, California 92012.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorce acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

Et Cetera

DON'T DIE WITHOUT A WILL. Have your possessions disposed of according to your wishes. Kit includes four will forms and 64 page booklet by noted attorney. $2.50. Gardner, Dept. 2, 1512 Ford Avenue, Redondo Beach, California 90278.

YOUR BIORHYTHMS professionally charted in three colors. Handsomely displayed in transparent plastic holder. Plus handy guide. Six months only $4.95 and birthdate. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Neil Higgins, Box 812, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

FIND OUT ABOUT A CHESS HOLIDAY with Grandmaster Arthur Bisguier. Write Cheryl Worsham, Sea Pines Plantation Company, Department NR, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928.

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

FREE CATALOG of "Distinguished Gifts." Write to G. Speck Enterprises, Dept. 1KZ, 819 Alston Avenue, Gulfport, Mississippi 39501.

FANTASY SEASHELL
A gold-mouthed Turbo Chrysostomus to trip on, care for and love. Beautifully packaged with handwoven carrying basket and descriptive enclosure card. $3.95 (plus 95¢pp) to The Fantasy Collection, 1820 Union St., Suite 127N, San Francisco, CA 94123.

BAND P.A. FOR SALE
Peavey mixer, Blo-Pruf cabinets, Microphones, stage monitors, mike stands, cords, etc. For Information and specs write: The New Republic Box 8980.

WASHINGTON HOT AIR eradicates pesky campaign pledges, covers up bureaucratic bungling: $1.75/can. WHA, Box 1043, Charlottesville, Va. 22902.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politics

OUTWIT INFLATION

Political and economic reality exhaustively analyzed. Must reading. $7.50 to Survival Publications, 2066 Lyndhurst, Camarillo, CA 93010.

KNOW YOUR CONGRESSMAN

Each month the *WASHINGTON WIRE* will report to you your Congressman's voting record on all issues. Also, daily attendance will be recorded. Stay informed on your representative in Washington. Send $15 for year subscription to: WASHINGTON WIRE£ P.O. Box 507, Arlington, Virginia 22216

Business Opportunities

$1200.00 MONTHLY Correcting Pupil's Lessons!!! Start Immediately. Free Report. Send self-addressed stamped envelope. Home, Box 9201-SMFH, *San Diego, California* 92109.

Finance

FINANCING! $1,000 - $50,000 *available*—"overnight." Entirely by mail. Any purpose. Incredibly low interest. No collateral, cosigners, special conditions. Full information, $1 (refundable). Spectrum, 79 Wall Street, 88FR, New York 10005.

Good Causes

MOTORCYCLE DEATHS

Large increase—deaths from repeal of helmet laws. *Statistics* NHT Safety Administration, U.S. News & World Report. Helmets save lives. State helmet laws save lives.

When an AMERICAN CHILD drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For $20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free (800) 545-6843.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHOOSE between idealism and reality. Volunteer Peace Corps/VISTA. For information, write Betty Funches, Peace Corps/VISTA, Box P-31. Washington, D.C. 20525. An Equal Opportunity Program.

Bookbinding

BASIC CRAFTS has published a new comprehensive catalog of bookbinding equipment and supplies. It is yours for $1, refundable on $15 purchase. Also contains information on marbling, calligraphy and papermaking books and supplies. BASIC CRAFTS CO., Dept. RN, 1201 Broadway, New York 10001.

Legal Services

NEED LEGAL COUNSEL?

J. Hillary - General Law Practive
New York - International
All Fees quoted in advance. Telephone or office consultation. 25 West 39th Street, New York City. Toll Free 24 hours - 1-800-327-0173.

Literature

Stay INFORMED!

Read what world's fertility and natural family planning EXPERTS said on all methods at 1st, 2nd, 3rd International Symposia and National Seminar on NFP. Proceedings plus 1 yr. subscription to HLC Newsletter for just $10.

The Human Life Center
St. John's University
Collegeville, MN. 56321

QUOTIDIAN. A thoughtful gift for the intelligent family. One quote for each day of the year from someone born on that day, to begin dinner discussions. Clothbound, illustrated $7.95. Cable & Willis, 2922 NE 18th Street, Portland, Oregon. 97212.

THE PLAINS DISTRIBUTION SERVICE, INC., a literary organization, offers an unusual opportunity to explore the flourishing noncommercial *literary art of America's heartland. The Plains* Booklist previews 15 selected small press books each quarter. Our magazine brochure offers 8 fine Upper-Midwestern literary magazines. Both are free upon request. Box 3112, Fargo, North Dakota 5802. Attention R.

COLLECTORS FIRST. *Catalogue of modern* British literature. Please write: Typographeum, Francestown, New Hampshire 03043.

BLACK BOOKS CATALOG. Write: Black Books, Box 754, Concordville, Pennsylvania 19331.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE FREEDOM SOCIALIST, a quarterly tabloid. International coverage of labor, minority, gay and women's struggles. Individuals $2 a year; institutions $5. Freeway Hall, 8515 5th Ave. N.E., *Seattle*, WA 98105.

FREE INFLATION NEWSLETTER. Washington Lawyer tells the truth about inflation, and how to really protect yourself. INFLATIONWATCH, 4501 Connecticut Ave., N.W. #806, Washington, D.C. 20008.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Literary Services

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "⅝ for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All Subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. RZV, *84 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York* 10011.

WRITERS-"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHORS AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, Neww York City 10022.

ALL THE RULES YOU NEED FOR WRITING FICTION: Professor of Creative Writing 29 years. Author of Novels, Stories, workshop director, etc. $1.00 plus SASE. J. West, Drawer 1834, Boone, N.C. 28607.

Poetry

POETRY WANTED

Publish in "Daybreak," international hardcover anthology. Submit typed: Sothis Publishing, Box 628NR, *San Diego, California* 92112.

POETRY CONTEST: for information send self-addressed stamped envelope to "The Poet" P.O. *Box 32419, San Jose, California* 95152.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Pay for 2 ads - get #3 FREE!

Classified Information

IT'S NO SECRET

that TNR classifieds produce the results you're looking for. With a small additional investment, you can brighten your response even more with an eye-catching BOLD FACED HEADLINE, SIGNATURE or ILLUSTRATION!

I'll brighten up my ad:

☐ BOLD HEADLINE
$5 plus $1.00 per word

☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$10 plus $1.00 per word

☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET
$25 plus $1.00 per word (photo encl.)

☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED
$1.00 per word

(TNR Box Numbers - $4.50 extra)
See frequency rates next page.

Advanced payment enclosed $ _____

Please run my ad _____ times.

My ad reads: _____

Copy deadline 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Out-of-Print-Books

OUT OF PRINT BOOKFINDER.
Box 5842 RN, High Point, North Carolina 27262.
Send Wants.

FICTION/NON-FICTION from stock or will search. Send wants + stamp: Friedman, Box 847 Easton, Pennsylvania 18042.

DO YOU HAVE A GREAT RECIPE? Tell others about it through the classifieds!

Self-Improvement

PROGRAM YOUR MIND FOR SUCCESS, wealth. Practical instructions, $3.00. Rubicon Press, 626OD Rutsatz, Deming, Washington 98244.

Employment Opportunities

RESUMES—Complete instructions and examples: $4, Consultants, Box 567—HH, Bergenfield, New Jersey 07621.

USE YOUR FOREIGN LANGUAGE to get a better job. Comprehensive factual guide. $4.00. Columbia Language Services, Department 27, Box 28365, Washington, D.C. 20005.

ACCOUNTANT. Publicly held limited partnership owning integrated housing nationally, and non-profit mortgage fund providing lower interest mortgages to whites and minorities to create and stabilize integrated neighborhoods, seek controller. Public accounting experience essential. RE, Mortgage experience helpful. MAIL resume, stating salary needed. OPEN, 9803 Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114. Phone day or early evening, (215) 332-7669.

FAMILY DOCTOR WANTED
Help build a model rural practice in southern West Virginia. New community Health Center seeks second board-eligible family physician. Practice includes ambulatory and hospital patient care. Funded by the Johnson Foundation. Contact Daniel Doyle, M.D., Medical Director, New River Family Health Center, Box 337, Scarbro, West Virginia 25917, (304) 469-6074.

LONELY? Find a friend - use the classifieds!

Gourmet/Cookery

NATIONALITY DINNER PARTIES
Easy, Fun! $3. each (Ohioans add17¢ tax). Specify German, Spanish, Greek, French. DMW Company, P.O. Box 6838, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.

SAVE MONEY ENTERTAINING IN STYLE!
Inexpensive cookbook shows how.—Free Details.—Trude Ascher, P.O. Box 172, Clayton, California 94517.

THE ANARCHIST COOKBOOK
$8.75, catalog $1.00. SURVIVAL BOOKS, Dept. N, 11108 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, California, 91601.

MEXICAN BUFFET—4 superb recipes—SASE $1.00—Oliver's, 2707 A Second Street, Santa Monica, California 90405.

EASY JUNK FOOD ALTERNATIVES!
"The taming of The Candy Monster"—over 200 child tested recipes. Send $4.45 to Nursery Books, 4430-NR26 School Way, Castro Valley, California 94546.

T-Shirts

WEAR VIRGINIA WOOLF

Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Vivaldi, Woolf, Thoreau, Dostoevsky, Fitzgerald, Joyce, Sherlock Holmes, Kafka, D.H.Lawrence, Sand, Shakespeare, Tolkien, Proust, Escoffier, Pablo Neruda, Gertrude Stein, Picasso, Blake, F.L.Wright, Bogart, Einstein, Freud, Jung, Nietzsche, Goethe, Plato, Tutankhamen, others available.
T-SHIRTS: white $6.50 4/$22 red or blue $8. 4/$28 SWEATSHIRTS: gray $12. 2/$21 sizes sm. med. lg. xlg. all cotton NIGHTSHIRTS: red or blue (s,m,l only) $11. 2/$20 TOTES: $9.50 2/$18 APRONS: white $8. 2/$14
prices ppd. CANADIAN customers add $1. per piece

virginia woolf

HISTORICAL PRODUCTS box 220C Cambridge, MA 02138

Music

NEW CATALOG of wooden music stands and accessories, send $1.00: Early Music Stands, Drawer 240, P.O. Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Health

JOGGING, EXERCISE, General fitness. Read Physical Fitness Newsletter, Dept. 15A, P.O. Box 195. Western Springs, Illinois 60558 Introductory Copy.

Arts/Crafts

FANCIFUL ANIMAL DRAWINGS on Christmas note cards (free style, fine art quality-but fun) make keeping in touch easy. Assorted dozen $3.00. Niels Frederksen, Box 47A, Greenwood, California, 95635.

NEW ZEALAND GIFTS—Wide range of world-famous lambskin rugs, woolen goods, other quality gifts. Direct from established NZ supplier. Guaranteed. Unbeatable prices. Free catalog. Box 434, Chino, California, 91710.

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low-cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

"BROWN's THE ONE" BUMPERSTICKERS, BUTTON, 2/$1. Matchbooks - 50/$2. Box 762, 681 Wllis, San Francisco, California 94109

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, silks, designer handprints, fabrics. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 1-800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Pen Friends

FOR WORLDWIDE PENPALS write to Box 851, Station F, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4Y 2N7.

Research Positions

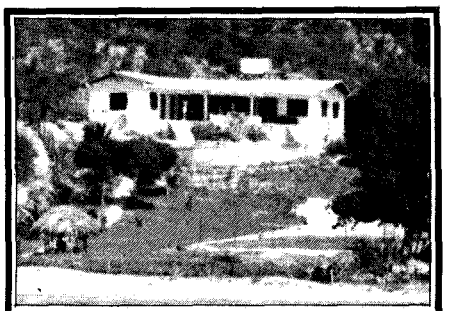
R & D POSITIONS. Chemists, Ch.E.'s Metallurgists, Mineralogists, Geologists, Physicists, Ceramics, Computers, Electronics, other. California, Texas, Mid-Atlantic, Midwest. Interview, relocation, fee paid. Chemical Executive Search, 6800 Main, Houston, Texas 77030.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

Vacation/Travel

FAMILY DESIRES SKI HOUSE on New England Mountain week of December 24th. (914) 939-8988.

ROAM THE WORLD by freighter. Deluxe accomodations. Cheaper than staying home! TravLtips, 16309, Depot D489, Flushing, New York 11358.



JAMAICA
Beachfront villa
Tennis
Surf/snorkel
Friendly fishing village.
Staffed. Package airfares.
Pictures: Noel, 141 N. Ridgefield, Hartford, Connecticut 06112 (203) 247-0759.

Property Sale/Rent

BEAUTIFUL SIERRA STREAM LAND—NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. Dramatic mountain setting. Two acre forested parcels. Primitive commons areas, restrictions protecting forest, privacy; electricity, year round paved access. Small, uniquely planned area, National Forest surrounding. Excellent swimming, fishing. Permanent homes or retreats. Adjacent pasture. Previous offerings; most sold New Republic respondents. Write H. Page, Taylorsville, California 95983.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	$1.00
Per word 6 times in one contract year	95¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	90¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	85¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	80¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance
Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cambridge Diarist

Awe

These are, for Jews, the Days of Awe, the brief period each year that begins with what tradition teaches is the birthday of creation, *Rosh Hashanah,* and ends on the Day of Atonement, *Yom Kippur*. I went with my children to the *Rosh Hashanah* services conducted by Hillel, the Jewish student society, at Harvard's Memorial Church. Our youngest, Bobo, observed that each year, at least in her short memory, attendance is greater, and she is right. When I first came here in the late 1950s, Jews would cluster on the high holidays either as self-conscious (and noticed) participants or as hardly less self-conscious bystanders pretending to insouciance just like the other Harvards. These days, still, some people go and others don't. But the wonder of the broader university community is directed now at those who do not share that which is theirs.

The situation started to change slowly after 1967. But it changed most dramatically at one identifiable moment, the closing service of *Yom Kippur* in 1973. The news had spread quickly of the surprise Arab attack against Israel and of the disastrous routings of the *kibbutzim* in the north and the troops at Suez. I had not in my entire life seen such collective anxiety on people's faces. It was as if the vast historic unconscious of Jewry had reasserted itself and brought individual Jews—at just about every level of belief and non-belief, concern and indifference, even cynicism—together, and simply to be together. "Why are you here?" I asked a very bright and really quite engaging student, for whom Jewish identity, however, had become at best a target of ridicule. "How could I not be here?" he responded with a solemnity that made me understand a good deal more than his answer.

The wound in the heart was not altogether absent this year, but it certainly did not suffuse the spirit of the congregation as it had in 1973. Prayers were not offered with that rapt devotion exacted by immediate fears, as they had been five years ago and have continued to be more or less since then. The very pious, certainly, do not recognize these variables; they may even view them as alien. For them worship knows no greater temporal imperative than the ancient commands to do *mitzvot* (deeds and penance), to pray and to study. But for others the world intrudes in sorrow or in joy. This year there was a special joy, even exhilaration, most notably felt during the sonorous Hebrew alliteratives of the *Shehekhiyanu,* neither so sonorous nor at all alliterative in English translation: "Thanks be to God who has kept us in life, maintained us and enabled us to reach this season." This blessing is pronounced at the beginning of every holiday. But it was not simply the days of remembrances and penitence which were being welcomed on this occasion. So many of us had feared, thought, been convinced that the perils of Israel would be forever. At last to have reached this moment, the dawn of peace—for that, gratitude could not be merely ritual or routine. Electric energy moved through the assembly: communion overwhelming.

In these very days, it is said, God judges. And smugness is among those offenses for which one repents in anticipation of His judgment. I am taking my risks. I cannot restrain my smugness that we at *TNR* were right—have been proven right by events—in our views on the Middle East. First of all we were right in the amount of attention we paid it. "Peretz's obsession," clucked those by Watergate possessed, or by Chile or Rhodesia. But it was—and may still be—the most important story of the 1970s. Almost certainly it has been the most poorly reported. (Though there are so many contenders for the botch-up honors that, aside from noting the unique malice and incompetence of *Time,* there is no point in making a rank list.) Those who have been proven most wrong, of course, are the preachy *feuilletonists* who could imagine no scenario for a settlement without the PLO and especially its "moderate" wing, for which please read Yassir Arafat, at the center. Poor Anthony Lewis, after all that print in the *Times,* his certainty exceeded only by his ignorance, the latter hidden under a veneer of detail provided by Cambridge's resident PLO intellectual Walid Khalidi. Poor Tony Lewis, finding that the West Bank Arabs and even many of their brethren in exile may come to run their own lives on their own land without the ministrations of the adepts at terror. Complete sovereignty exists nowhere these days. It is circumscribed everywhere by economic forces and should be limited also by the reasonable apprehensions of neighbors. There probably will be other impediments to a final arrangement. But that is mostly because the local population and much of the local leadership are still intimidated by Lewis's favorite swashbucklers from joining the peace process. What I don't understand is why those who, in just about all other situations, abominate the extremes of nationalism, think that a whole panoply of nationalism is the *sine qua non* of justice in this situation. Is essential freedom not possible for these Arabs without also their right to wage war? We can expect, I think, a great case of the sulks among those whose upstart prophecies history has refused to vindicate.

Perhaps Egypt has taken again to the pharaonic option of its own past, opting out of the chimera of pan-Arabism. But I doubt it will be so simple as that. Once the Egyptians live the benefits of peace rather than bearing the burdens of war, their sway among the Arabs is likely to grow rather than diminish. We read in the New Year service of the rift between Abraham's sons, Isaac and Ishmael, and how Ishmael went off and founded a great people. Volatile, impulsive but visionary, Anwar Sadat, one of Ishmael's sons, is groping with another unlikely partner—stern, defiant but also visionary Menachem Begin, son of Isaac—to reconcile the most painful of differences, that between brothers. Each has ultras with whom to contend, more attached to millenial hatreds than engaged by millenial dreams. Both Sadat and Begin may justly claim the plaintive words of the Psalmist: "I am for peace—but when I speak they are for war."

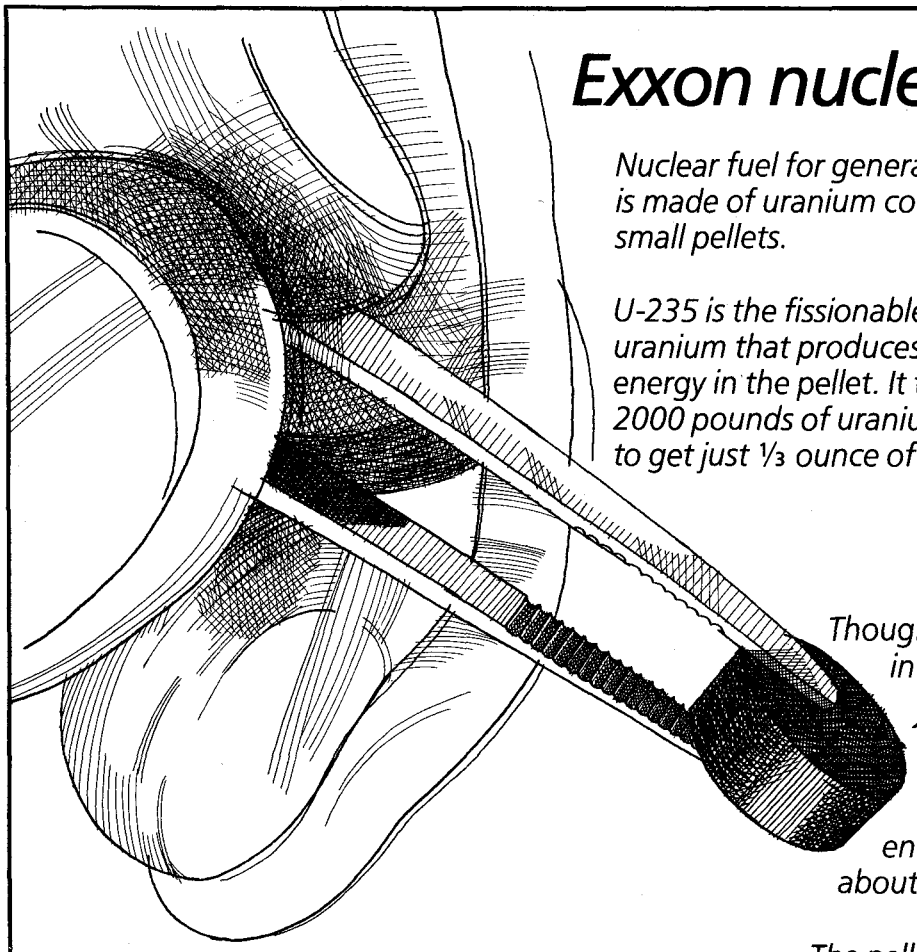
By the standards of children's behavior at long religious services (particularly services at which a foreign language is much in use), my children did very well. Between trying to shinny up the massive columns of Memorial Church and sliding down its banisters, they did some good listening. Someone had once told Jesse that the name of Jerusalem is peace (*shalom*). That was a hard concept for him to understand, especially since he'd been there with me on the fourth of July in 1975, when a terrorist bomb killed 17 innocents at Zion Square. Here and there through the devotionals recur the words "the peace of Jerusalem." And somehow, perhaps shrewdly, he linked them in his mind with the repeated references to the messianic age and the coming of the messiah. "When will that be?" he asked. And I answered, far from certain myself, but with the reassuring precedent of the Hasidic master, Reb Nachman of Bratzlav, who had also lacked full confidence when he responded to the same question by saying, "The age of the messiah is of this world."

M.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXXON ILLUSTRATED

Exxon nuclear fuel.

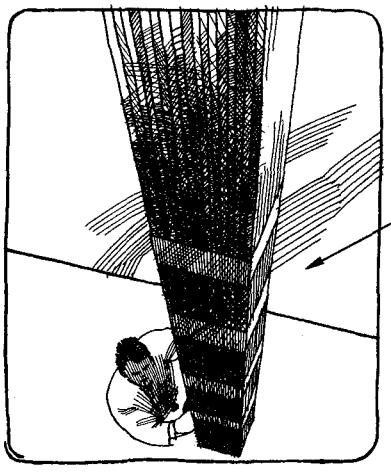


Nuclear fuel for generating electricity is made of uranium compressed into small pellets.

U-235 is the fissionable isotope in uranium that produces most of the energy in the pellet. It takes about 2000 pounds of uranium-bearing rock to get just ⅓ ounce of U-235.

Though less than ½-inch in diameter, nuclear fuel pellets are power-packed. Each pellet contains the energy equivalent of about 100 gallons of oil.

The pellets are sealed in long metal tubes or fuel rods.



The rods are grouped together in bundles or assemblies. Each rod must be exactly positioned and spaced within the assembly.

It takes some 200 nuclear fuel assemblies to make up the core of one modern reactor.

Annual electricity production from this reactor can meet the present average electrical needs of over 750,000 American homes. If generated by fossil fuels, this amount of electricity would require 10 million barrels of oil or 3 million tons of coal.

By 1990, nuclear fuel could provide about 30% of total U.S. electricity demand.

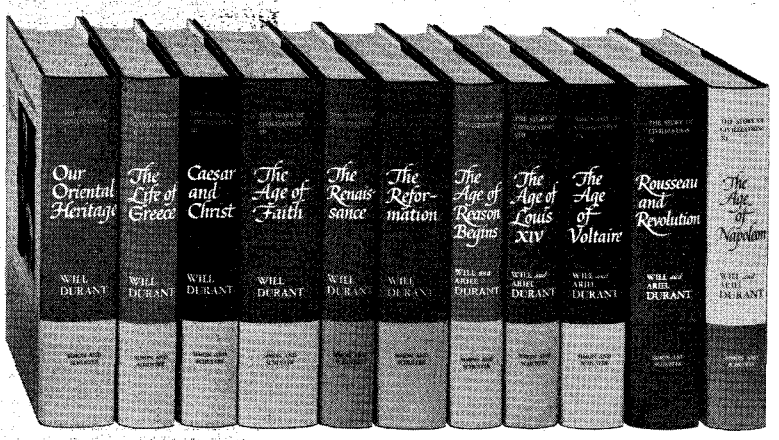
Energy for a strong America. EXXON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The best sources.

Choose any one of these invaluable reference works and save up to 90% as your introduction to membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club. You simply agree to buy 4 books within a year.

The Club is the source for the best of the best sellers. Every Club book is of bookstore quality—or better. You *never* settle for the altered or inferior editions that some book clubs offer. And when you remain a member after the short trial period, each book you buy earns Book-Dividend® credits, which entitle you to discounts of at least 70% on significant current books. A wealth of sources awaits you in America's Bookstore.

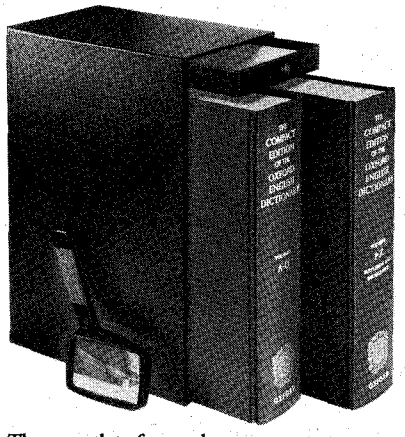


All eleven volumes of

THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION

by Will and Ariel Durant for **$20** Publisher's list price: $241.10

This multi-volume history of all mankind—ancient and modern, Occidental and Oriental—traces the development of man's economic and political organizations, science and art. It is one of the great literary achievements of this century and deserves a place in every library.

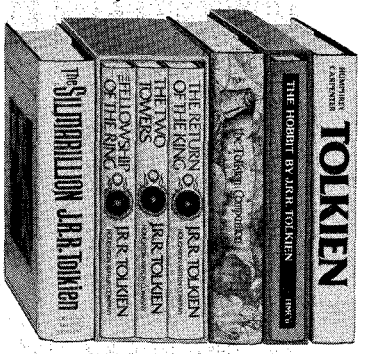


The complete four-volume set

OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

for **$17.50** Publisher's list price: $99.50

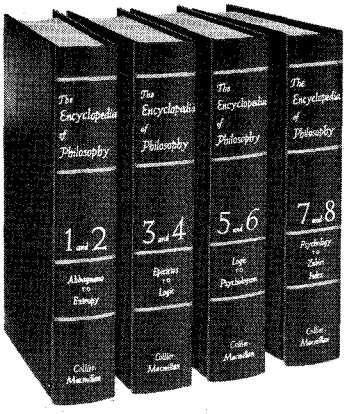
The world's "most complete and most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor.* Contents of this two-volume edition are identical to the original $395 thirteen-volume set. Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass included in special drawer of slipcase. "Endlessly browsable."—*Newsweek.*


The SILMARILLION J.R.R. Tolkien
THE TWO TOWERS J.R.R. TOLKIEN
THE RETURN OF THE KING J.R.R. TOLKIEN
THE HOBBIT BY J.R.R. TOLKIEN
TOLKIEN

THE COMPLETE TOLKIEN LIBRARY

The entire seven-volume set for **$12.50** Publishers' list prices total: $82.85

The Silmarillion edited by Christopher Tolkien. The Elder Days of Middle-earth.
The Lord of the Rings. Second revised edition. 3-volume boxed set.
The Tolkien Companion by J.E.A. Tyler. A complete guide to Middle-earth.
The Hobbit (Collector's Edition). Boxed, with paintings and drawings by the author.
Tolkien by Humphrey Carpenter. The only authorized biography.



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PHILOSOPHY

The Compact Edition of the for **$17.50** Publisher's list price: $95

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses all aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four-volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source for home libraries.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 A127-10-1

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the reference work I have checked below, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy 4 books during the coming year. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

☐ Compact OED $17.50
☐ Ency. of Philos. $17.50
☐ Tolkien Library $12.50
☐ The Story of Civ. $20

Mr.
Mrs. 8-32
Miss
Please print plainly

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Address..... Apt.....

City.....

State..... Zip.....

OCT 10 1978

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®
AMERICA'S BOOKSTORE® Since 1926, 330 million books in 15 million homes.

Facts About Membership.

You receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News,*® a literary magazine, 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *Main Selection* plus scores of Alternates.

If you want the *Main Selection* do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.

Return Privilege. If the *News* is delayed and you receive the *Main Selection* without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.

Cancellations. Your membership is cancelable at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Simply notify Book-of-the-Month Club.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED